

MARCH 20, 1880.

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 538.—Vol. XXI.

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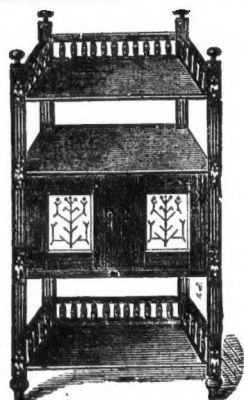
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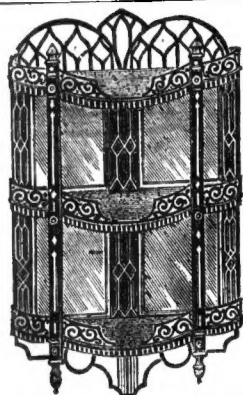
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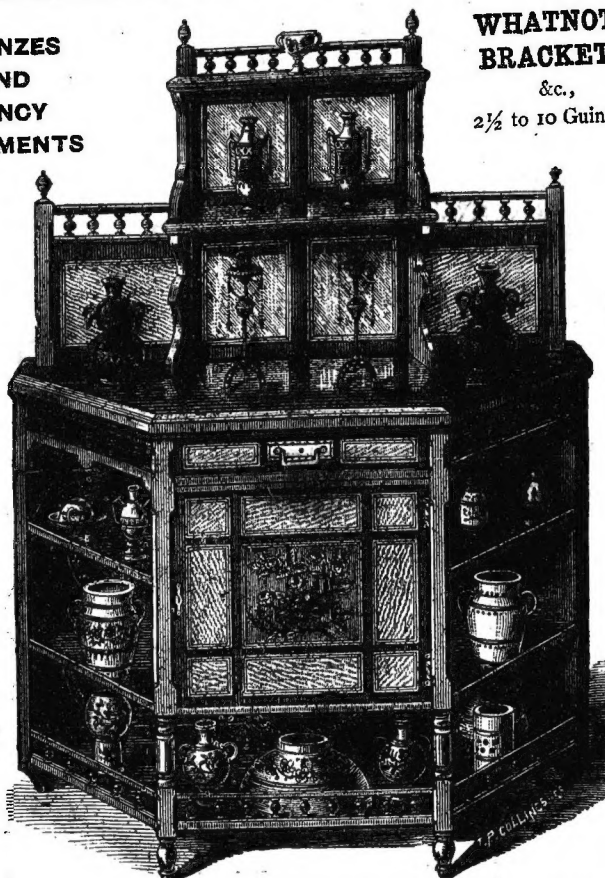


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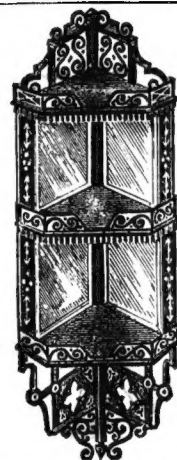
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4 ft.	£11 11 0
4 ft. 6 in.	12 12 0
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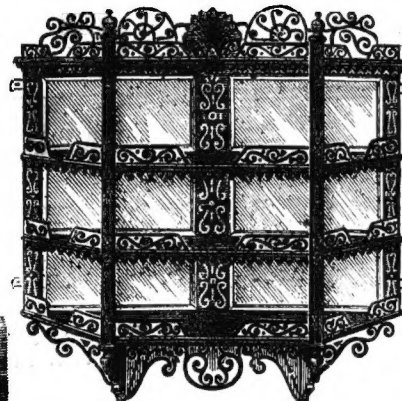
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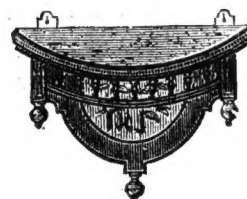
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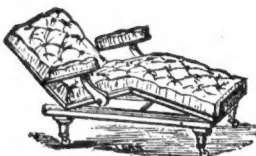
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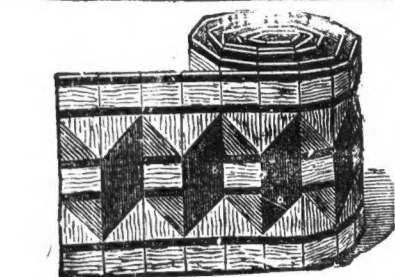
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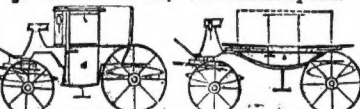
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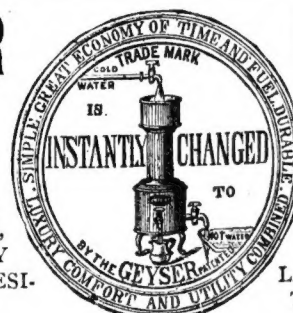
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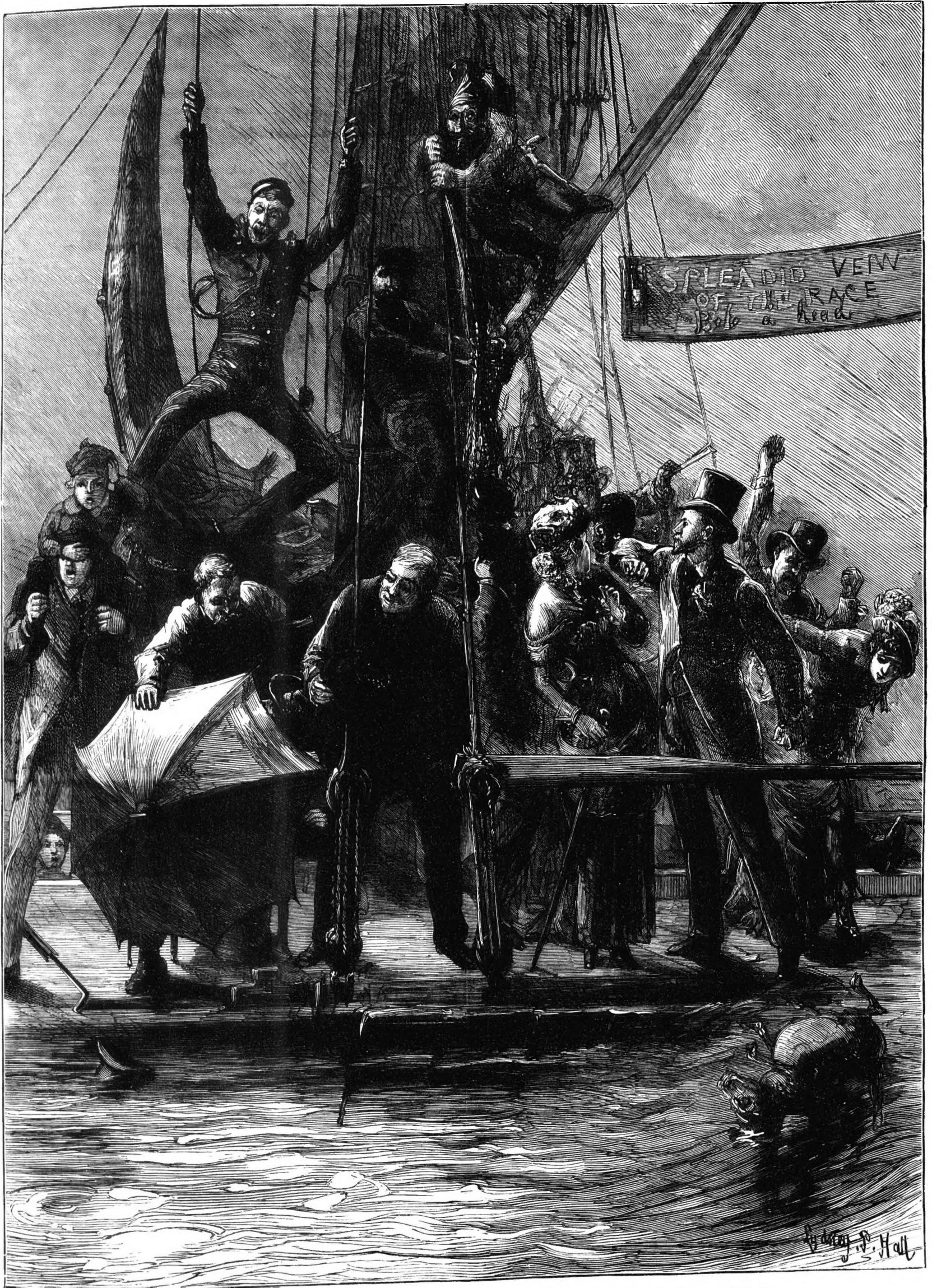
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 538.—VOL. XXI.
Regd at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
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THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE: "COME AND GONE"—THE CRITICAL MOMENT

Topics of the Week

LORD BEACONSFIELD AND MR. GLADSTONE.—It is a remarkable feature of the present General Election that the interest of it centres to a large extent in the political fortunes of two men. All the members of the Tory Cabinet play a respectable part in the political life of the day, but it is doing no injustice to Lord Beaconsfield's colleagues to say that apart from him they would not have much chance of success. It was he who in the crisis of the Eastern Question stirred the enthusiasm of the country; and the supporters of the foreign policy of the Government still look to him as the statesman who may be trusted to act in any emergency with energy and promptitude. On the other hand, the name with which the Liberals hope to conjure is unquestionably that of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Hartington fully deserves the complimentary things that are said of him as a party leader; and Lord Granville, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Lowe are men who in any free country would have risen to distinction. Still, these statesmen can hardly fail to see that they are of secondary importance. Even Mr. Bright, man of genius as he is, appeals strongly only to Radicals of a particular type. Mr. Gladstone alone reaches the whole populace who acknowledge allegiance to the predominant section of the Liberal party. He is universally recognised as the real opponent of Lord Beaconsfield, and the political destinies of the country in the immediate future will be decided by the degree of popularity which they may happen to have gained. There is something very striking in the spectacle of two statesmen who have lived through several generations thus confronting each other in old age before all the world, and historians of another time will have an enviable task in presenting the contrasts of their character and in estimating the extent of their influence. In the mean time it is a decided advantage to the nation that the struggle in which it is engaged should be fought out under such leaders. It is to be feared that the enthusiasm of the multitude for abstract principles is anything but excessive. A question of policy, if argued solely on the grounds of reason, would excite but a languid interest. The sentiment of loyalty to individuals, however, is still powerful; and with two really great figures in the foreground the contest is sure to be genuinely national.

OUR ELECTIONS AS VIEWED BY FOREIGNERS.—The nations of the Continent are paying us the compliment of watching our electioneering campaign with unusual interest. This interest is produced neither by idle curiosity nor by a philosophical resolve to study the mysteries of the British Constitution at a favourable opportunity. The interest arises from far more practical—nay, it may fairly be said—from more selfish motives. Rightly, or wrongly, the Continentals believe that the course of European politics will be seriously affected by the decision which is about to be given by the electors of the United Kingdom. This belief is rather flattering to the electors of this country, it ought to lift them out of the rut of parochialism, and put them on their mettle to choose the very best men they can. But now comes the natural question, Why are the Continentals thus interested in our affairs? And this is the answer. There is a possibility (some even say a very strong probability) of a rupture among the Great Powers. Russia is sullen at her comparative failure in Turkey, and at the aggrandisement of Austria in Bosnia. The exigencies of Pan Slavism and Nihilism combined might force the Czar to declare war against Austria. If Germany, as she almost certainly would, took sides with Austria, France, mindful of her lost provinces, and not improbably aided by Italy, might take sides with Russia. Such is the cheerful programme sketched out, and the further question is, What part would England take? Well, rightly or wrongly, the Continentals think that if there was a Beaconsfield Government in power, England would be prepared to fight under certain clearly-defined contingencies, and that the knowledge of this fact would probably postpone indefinitely this tremendous conflict of giants; but that a Gladstone Government would not fight under any circumstances, and that therefore in the forthcoming complications England might be safely reckoned as "out of the running." In our opinion the Liberals are not so pacific, nor the Conservatives so bellicose, as the Continentals imagine; neither does it follow (though countries where there is less freedom of speech find it hard to understand this) that the Liberals if in office would have done much otherwise than the Conservatives did during the last three or four troublous years, in spite of the quantities of abuse which they have levelled at their opponents. The responsible chair of office tends to mould its occupant to its own shape, and behind the idiosyncrasies of a Gladstone or a Beaconsfield there is the will of England.

ELECTIONEERING EXTRAVAGANCE.—It is impossible to glance through the electioneering speeches, which are now being delivered by hundreds, without remarking the extraordinary unfairness of the orators. If we believed the Liberals, we should conclude that the Tory Government is composed of about as worthless a set of men as ever held power in any country. There is scarcely a political crime of which they are not accused. They have acted, we are daily assured, as cowards and bullies; they have brought the

nation to the verge of ruin; they have entered into a conspiracy against the liberties of the people, and future generations will regard them with horror and contempt. On the other hand, the Tories profess to believe that the Liberals are bent on disintegrating the Empire. If Mr. Gladstone had his way, Englishmen are told, the connection between the colonies and the mother country would be broken; Ireland would cease to form a part of the United Kingdom; and India would be handed over to the first Power that chose to dispute our claims. All this seems at first sight very terrible, and we can imagine a perfectly impartial observer arriving at the conclusion that such gross exaggeration must produce a most injurious effect on the national character. What the perfectly impartial observer would not see is that extravagant talk of this kind is not intended to be taken quite seriously. In every time of political excitement contending parties have abused each other in precisely the same way. The issue before the country is much less momentous than thoroughgoing partisans represent, and when it is settled the defeated party will quickly reconcile itself to the new situation. The noise and bustle of an election do not commend themselves to minds which have a liking for "sweet reasonableness;" nor, perhaps, if we lived in Utopia would the occasion be attended by so much fury. Utopia, however, is a long way ahead, and we must accept democracy on the only conditions on which at present it seems to be possible.

LORD DERBY AND THE LIBERALS.—Lord Derby could not be expected to hang for an unconscionable time, like Mahomet's coffin, between earth and heaven, so he has made his decision. As we are not violent adherents of either party, we will not pursue the simile by saying either that in joining the Opposition he has grovelled in the dust, or that by the same process he has soared into the empyrean. Let us rather view the decision as it affects his present and former comrades. Lord Derby is not a man whose loss the Conservatives can really pass over lightly, though of course they profess to do so. With the average Englishman, the typical steady-going Paterfamilias, who loves peace and quietness, and relishes "plain common sense," Lord Derby commands, though in a lesser degree, the same sort of confidence which Sir Robert Peel and Lord Palmerston commanded in their later years. A man may be a statesman of the first rank and be unable to inspire this sentiment. Neither Lord Beaconsfield nor Mr. Gladstone have attained to it. The former is too shifty, the latter is too impulsive. Possessing therefore this rare and valuable quality, Lord Derby's secession is a loss to the Tories and a gain to the Whigs. The great mass of Englishmen are in politics Liberal-Conservatives, and, as the presence of that cool-headed Lancashire peer kept the more fire-eating of the Tories from filibustering enterprises, so his presence in the Whig camp will be a guarantee against revolutionary schemes. Such an eminently "safe" prudent statesman is just the man for Paterfamilias. But there are occasions when other qualities are needed besides "safety" and so-called prudence. Crises arrive, when decisive action ought to be taken. At these times, the great defect in Lord Derby's character becomes apparent. He can perceive so many excellent reasons against every course that is suggested that he is apt to end by doing nothing. But this defect, serious as it is, need not prevent his becoming once more a trusted Cabinet Minister, and if the Liberals speedily return to power, it will probably be because, in spite of the violent and impracticable character of some members of their body, they number in their ranks such men as Lord Derby and Lord Hartington.

ENGLISH ALLIANCES.—It seems to be the general opinion of Liberal politicians that the somewhat pessimist tone in which Lord Beaconsfield spoke last Monday respecting the prospects of peace was adopted solely for electioneering purposes. This is, of course, possible, but it would be unfair not to recognise that his remarks are to some extent supported by well-known facts. The leading Continental nations have never maintained such vast armies as they now possess, nor have they ever treated each other with greater reserve. The mere fact that they are so well prepared for war may cause them to hesitate before entering upon hazardous enterprises, but it is obvious that their calculations may at almost any moment be overthrown by some unforeseen turn in the course of events. This renders it imperative for England to decide clearly what shall be the general lines of her foreign policy. A considerable number of politicians are of opinion that she ought to associate herself formally and frankly with the Austro-German alliance, but we question whether this view would commend itself to the nation as a whole. So far as Russia is concerned, our interests are probably identical with those of the Central European States; but it is impossible to feel absolute certainty on this point, since there are parties both in Germany and Austria which still favour the alliance of the three Emperors. Besides, England is concerned in other problems besides those connected with the Eastern Question, and we can by no means be sure that with regard to these we should always be in accord with Germany. She might, for instance, adopt a policy towards Holland and Denmark which we should be bound to resist. If we turn from Central Europe to France, we find that the difficulties in the way of an Anglo-French alliance are equally serious. Whatever may be her present intentions, France may be

compelled by the force of circumstances to arrive at a cordial understanding with Russia; and it is not impossible that there may hereafter be a revival of her old desire for the annexation of Belgium. On the whole, England will probably decide that her best course is to stand aside from entangling engagements, but to be prepared to intervene with effect whenever action may be necessary in defence of her interests and for the welfare of mankind.

AGE AND WEALTH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—There used to be a complaint some time since that year after year the House of Commons was getting more and more filled with rich elderly men, who were too old to learn the profession of politics, and afforded, therefore, little promising raw material for the manufacture of future Cabinet Ministers; who rarely were able to enliven the House or the public with any speeches worth hearing or reading; and who were often urged into Parliament, not by a sense of their own fitness, but by the social ambition of their wives and daughters. There is a certain amount of truth in these allegations, though at the same time it is fair to remember that these kinds of M.P.'s are usually men of high personal character, sensible, and hard-working, that they are well fitted to represent a country whose main interests are industrial and commercial, and that they are not likely to lend their aid to crude proposals and rash enterprises. But in spite of all these middle-age excellencies, we can't help thinking that there would be more liveliness and "go" in the House of Commons, and that therefore its proceedings would command keener attention out of doors than they now do, if there were more young men among its members. We do not ask anything unreasonable. By "young men" we mean men under forty. Now, judging from that useful little manual, "Who's Who," men under forty are rare in the present House of Commons. There are only 103 of these tender fledglings; all the rest, some 550 in number, have passed that forty-year Rubicon whereof Thackeray sings so pathetically. And please note this. Out of these 103 no less than 18 have "H.R." attached to their names. Taken all round the Home Rulers are the youngest men in the House. No wonder, therefore, that they should seem gamesome and troublesome in such an assembly of greybeards. We further note that most of the English members who are really young are the sons or near connections of noblemen. Now would it not be well if we English were to take a leaf out of the Home Rulers' book, and send up some members to Westminster without minding whether they were aristocratically connected, but taking care that, besides other merits, they should possess that rare quality in an English M.P., the merit of youth?

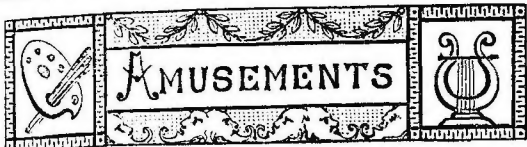
EXTREMES IN IRELAND.—It is a noteworthy sign of the times that few moderate politicians find it possible to stand as candidates for Irish constituencies. A good many staunch Conservatives are in the field, and there are plenty of enthusiastic Home Rulers. Men like Sir George Bowyer, who would be prepared to support a conciliatory and progressive policy, are for the most part compelled to withdraw from the struggle. In the interest of Ireland herself, this state of things is deeply to be regretted; for nothing but harm can result from the whole ground being occupied by extreme partisans. It is not our province to enter into questions of party politics, but it must be admitted by most dispassionate observers that the Irish policy of the Conservatives is, on the whole, very unsatisfactory. They profess extreme anxiety for the welfare of Ireland; but they are seldom prepared to support any large measure for the welfare of the Irish people. They bitterly opposed the disestablishment of the Irish Church; they are unwilling to sanction any change in the land laws; they will not even consent to place the electoral system on an equal basis on both sides of St. George's Channel. If a policy of this kind is maintained, England will never be able to secure the good will of Ireland. On the other hand, the influence of the Home Rulers is, if possible, still more mischievous. If they attained their object, the consequence would be disastrous, since their country would then be cut off from the chief source of such prosperity as it now enjoys. But their object will never be attained; England could not sanction what would be the virtual disruption of the Empire, and most of the Home Rulers perfectly well understand that their demands will be steadily refused. Yet they appear to be resolved to go on agitating for a lost cause, keeping the minds of the people in a state of constant excitement, and frightening away English capital and English energy. The only hope for Ireland is that the extreme factions which now clamour for her support should be displaced by men of calm and moderate temper, who would investigate her needs without passion, and insist on a remedy being found for her real grievances.

ENGLAND v. THE UNITED KINGDOM.—As we have ventured to hint before now, it is England, out of the four nations which occupy the British islands, which has most reason to cry out for Home Rule, seeing that she is by nature for the most part Conservative, and is impelled into Radical ways chiefly by the votes of her associates, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Facts and figures are said to be equally fallacious, but we can produce some figures which we think will prove our proposition. After the long reign of Lord Palmerston was ended by his death, it will be remembered that an era of agitation set in, and the Parliament of

MARCH 20, 1880

1868 was the first Parliament which assembled under the provisions of the new Reform Bill, a measure which had been demanded by the eager enthusiasm of the party of progress. In that memorable Parliament—in which so many Liberal trees were hewn down by the Gladstonian axe—the Liberals had at the outset the magnificent majority of 112. But how was this majority made up according to nationality? Why, the Liberals were indebted to Ireland for a majority of 31 (Home Rulers were then in embryo), to Scotland for no less than 46, and to staunch little Wales for 11 Nonconformist votes. Even in that year of Radical excitement, England proper ("Very proper!" some Tory enthusiast may remark) returned 220 Conservatives against 244 Liberals. In 1874, when the tide had turned, Mr. Disraeli came into office with a nominal majority of 47. If, however, as above, we deduct the Liberal votes of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, he had an English majority of 110. It will be especially interesting to note the relative figures at the elections about to be decided, as there is not much prospect that the Liberals will obtain a working majority, except by the aid of the Irish Home Rulers. We therefore repeat that it is poor old John Bull, overweighted by his fellow nationalists, who ought to demand Home Rule.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT of TWO PAGES, entitled "A LONDON GARDEN FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW."



LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—This Theatre will be CLOSED on MONDAY next, March 22, and the four following evenings, reopening on SATURDAY Morning next, March 27, with THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. The Box Office remains open as usual, except on Friday.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—Mrs. S. F. BATEMAN, Proprietor and Manager.—Series of Shakespeare's plays.—OTHELLO having been received with marked favour, will be given for five additional nights, beginning March 22, with Mr. Hermann Verin as Othello and Mr. W. H. Vernon as Iago. Emilia, Mrs. Charles Gilbert; Desdemona, Miss Carlisle.—At Easter Tom Taylor's famous comedy-drama, CLANCATHY.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. B. LANE.—Every Evening (Friday excepted), at 6.45. WEALTH. Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Evans, Drayton, Charlton, Lewis, Towers, Reeve, Pitt, Herman; Siddies, Brewer, Rayner, Newham. THE WATERMAN, Siddies. Pollie Randall, Summers; Messrs. Bigwood, Hyde. THE HEDGE CARPENTER. Misses Adams, Bellair; Mr. J. B. Howe.

NO PERFORMANCES given by the MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS at the St. James's Hall DURING PASSION WEEK. See next notice.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRESS will commence their FIFTEENTH ANNUAL SERIES of EASTER FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES, in the ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL, on MONDAY, 29th March, when performances will be given in the AFTERNOON at THREE o'clock, and in the EVENING at EIGHT.

THE HOLIDAY PROGRAMME, which has been in active rehearsal for several weeks past, WILL BE ENTIRELY NEW, from first to last. Five Thousand Seats.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Henry Grain. CLOSED. Will Reopen Easter Monday, at 3 and 8. CASTLE BOTHEREM, by Arthur Law; music by Hamilton Clarke. After which ROTTEN KOPY, a New Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain. Concluding with THREE HATS, by Arthur A. Beckett; music by Edouard Maurois. Twice Easter Monday and Tuesday at 3 and 8. Admission, 1s.; 2s.; 3s. and 5s.

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES. Under Royal Patronage.—Best Entertainment in the world. VARIETY ARTISTES at 8.—THE PERI OF PERU, at 9.30. Miss Nelly Power, M. Dewanne. Mdle. Ade Holt and Corps de Ballet. Snowball Ballet at 10.30. Prices 6d. to £2 2s.

CANTERBURY.—Every Evening, The Grand Spectacular Snowball Ballet. Novel Effects. Received with immense applause. Arranged by M. Dewanne. Supported by Mdle. Ada, Mdles. Broughton, Powell, Rose Heath, M. Carlos, M. Bertram, and the Corps de Ballet.

THE ARTS AND LITERATURE DILETTANTE SOCIETY are making arrangements for Morning Lectures. Afternoon, Whist and Chess. Music and Dramatic Practice. Evening Entertainments for Performing New Music and Dramas. Public Exhibitions and Club Association. Address Secretary, 7, Argyll Street, Regent Circus, W.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at THOMAS M'LEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission (including Catalogue), 1s.

MR. FRITH'S NEW PICTURES.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLIES is No. 1 of the Series.

THE SPIDER AT HOME is No. 2 of the Series.

VICTIMS is No. 3 of the Series.

JUDGMENT is No. 4 of the Series.

RETRIBUTION is No. 5 of the Series.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.—MR. FRITH'S NEW PICTURES. The Race for Wealth, are now ON VIEW at the KING STREET GALLERIES, 10, King Street, St. James's, DAILY, from Ten until Six. Admission (including Descriptive Pamphlet by Tom Taylor) 1s.

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NOTE.—As the proceeds will be given to a charitable fund for the benefit of Artists, no free invitations will be issued.

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All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher. THE PARIS OFFICE of this paper is 15, Rue Blue, where subscriptions and advertisements can also be received.



"COME AND GONE;" OR, THE CRITICAL MOMENT

HOW WE SAW THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE

Now, then, we must be up betimes. Set the alarm at half-past four. Impress upon the servant-girl the necessity of our seeing the Boat Race.

Never mind breakfast, so long as we get a cup of tea and a biscuit we shall do. A beastly morning; chill, raw, and a nasty fog! What a time it is to Putney, particularly as that boy of ours will keep stopping.

Toll at the Bridge not abolished yet! How slow the world wags! Drat the boy, he'll be run over. How shall we get him through that crowd on the bank! Pay a shilling, you rascal, to step aside into your field, because the tide is over the tow-path? Never!

Wasn't it a happy thought of my wife to go on board a barge—only a shilling a head, you know.

Plimsoll protect us! We are laden with bricks down to the water's edge. What sort of companions shall we have, if we all go down together? Good-natured-looking folk enough apparently. We have all paid our shillings, and one has as much right to see as another.

Now there's that elderly party with the gold spectacles—he has the best place, and is good-humour himself. The gentleman with the field-glasses so comfortably seated on a chair—of course he'll close his umbrella the instant the boats come. The military moustachioed swell behind us—a martinet no doubt in the field, but here willing to give and take, and stretch a point or so.

That long-legged Lancer, no better and no worse than his comrades abroad—he seems perfectly sober at present.

We have music—not of a high class, perhaps—and nigger minstrels to make us merry. We couldn't be better off. I wouldn't be those poor people on the bank yonder with the tide rising up to their waists. No, nor that motley crew in the boat, who have been rowing up from Greenwich ever since three in the morning.

How considerate we all are. No pushing and shoving. My boy, don't strangle me with your legs! They're coming! Well, well, why should we all get into such a ferment? Even the bricks in the hold seem to shift. "Hats off!"—and down floats a 22s. Lincoln and Bennett vainly angled for with the crook of a stick.

"I insist upon your putting down that umbrella, sir," shouts the General ferociously. Bless my soul, our characters are all transformed!

"Quite right, young man, quite right! Dash your elbow on to his nose. Fancy that hideous blackamoor pushing his cheek, all soot and grease, close against your fair Desdemona's."

Punchinello, his leader, is up in the rigging, his feet on the boom and his hands on the shrouds. He has pulled down a block and coil of ropes smash into the hat of a peaceable, but now writhing, gentleman. "Hats blocked while waiting," says he.

Lord, if we should heel over! How the wash splashes over the gunwale!

The "belle dame sans merci" yonder, with silver heels to her shoes, backs to avoid it, and jerks a parson into the hold. Enough to make a parson swear, surely.

I should have thought that Lancer's spindle shanks were long enough, but he must need haul himself up, flinging his spurs about over our devoted heads. Flop drops a sail, and covers up half of us; my wife into the bargain. Here they are! Don't cover my eyes up, my boy, even though he has kicked you on the head. They're gone, and I never saw it; and nobody else but the old gentleman. But he didn't see his gold spectacles slide off his nose as he smiled and slapped his thigh. There is nothing left for us but the cynical grin from the skull of that dead dog.

THE FESTIVITIES IN ST. PETERSBURG

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession was celebrated on March 2nd, at St. Petersburg, with great rejoicings, and on that day at least there was little appearance of the asserted disloyalty and revolutionary spirit which threatens to overthrow the

Czar and his dynasty. The streets were gaily decorated with innumerable flags and busts of the "little Father," while crowds of people were early seen thronging to the space before the Winter Palace, in order to shout their congratulations to their Sovereign. Numerous regiments of soldiers had been drawn up in the courtyard, and the combined bands of the forces in St. Petersburg were playing a serenade in the centre, a tribune having been erected in their midst for the conductor. Shortly after ten the Czar appeared on the balcony, and was welcomed with great enthusiasm by both soldiers and people, the cheering lasting for some twenty minutes, the military bands playing the national hymn, "God Preserve the Czar," the batteries on the Neva firing a Royal salute of 101 guns, and the bells of the various churches ringing forth loud peals of congratulation. Of the other festivities of the day we have already spoken in a previous number, so that we need only say that our second illustration represents the arrival of the Czar and his wife, the Princess Dagmar, at the Winter Palace, on the eventful day. They are passing through a triumphal arch opposite the Palace in a State carriage drawn by four white horses, on one of whom can be seen a jockey in Russian costume. The road is lined with troops, who salute as the carriage rolls past.

THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER

AND

HOUSE ARCHITECTURE

See page 302.

BUDDHIST REMAINS IN AFGHANISTAN

OUR illustration depicts fragments of figures and of an alto relievo discovered by the Rev. Charles Swinnerton, chaplain to the Khyber force, during some excavations on the site of the ancient city of Adah, some four miles south of Jellalabad. "The sculpture," writes Mr. Swinnerton, to whom we are indebted for our sketches, "cannot possibly be much less than 1,000 years old. This ancient spot is a place of immense antiquarian interest. There are here the remains of scores of Buddhist toposes, and many most singular caves scooped out of the hard conglomerate of which the low hills are composed, and which were once used by the Buddhist ascetics as their hermit cells. Nearly all the toposes have been excavated by natives searching for buried treasure, and many of the people of Adah still live in some of the old caverns, which also serve for shelter for the flocks and herds. This city was a place of great sanctity, containing precious relics of Buddha, and was a favourite resort for pilgrims, some of whom even came from distant China. The surrounding low hills are black and barren; but the depressions between them are very fertile, and probably formed part of the old temple lands. The present inhabitants are bigoted Mahomedans, who call the ruined toposes 'Bourjke-Kaffir'—the Towers of the Unbeliever. They say they were built by a race of giants before the Imam Ali subdued the land, and converted the inhabitants to Islamism."

THE LOSS OF THE "TRAVANCORE"

EARLY on Monday morning, the 8th inst., during a dense fog, the Peninsular and Oriental mail steamer *Travancore* ran ashore at Castro Bight, south of Otranto, and sustained such severe damage from her concussion with the rocks that the passengers and mails had to be landed, an operation which was accomplished without serious mishap. Part of the cargo was thrown overboard with the view of saving the vessel. Next day, however, a gale sprang up, and according to the last accounts the *Travancore* was rapidly breaking up, and little hope was entertained of saving either the ship or the cargo. The mails and passengers were sent on to Brindisi in the Italian steamer *Bari*.—Our engravings are from sketches by M. Victor Lorie.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

A NEW NOVEL by Miss Amelia B. Edwards is continued on page 297.

A LONDON GARDEN FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW

THE idea intended to be conveyed by the artist in these companion plates, and aptly illustrated by the two lines quoted from the poet Gray, is that the garden seems delightful to the poor ragged children who are unable to gain admittance, but has no charms for the weary barrister who is already in possession. We are unable to agree with this conception as regards the second picture. It seems more likely that the lawyer is yawning because he is fatigued with his work than because the attractions of the garden are indifferent to him; and it is a practical proof of the fondness of the legal profession for greensward and foliage that, in almost all those parts of London where colonies of the honourable craft are gathered together, there are gardens and open spaces. But in any case a very wholesome lesson may be taught by these drawings—namely, that without diminishing the enjoyment of the lawyers, these open spaces might, under proper restrictions, be more utilised than they now are for the benefit of the respectable residents in their vicinity. The Benchers of Gray's Inn have for some years during the summer months successfully tried the experiment of opening their gardens in the evenings to ticket-holders. In the first sketch, says the artist, the children may be supposed to be peeping into some Square garden, such as Lincoln's Inn Fields. The second sketch is of a chamber overlooking Gray's Inn Gardens. The old tree propped up is a noted old mulberry.

UNDER THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

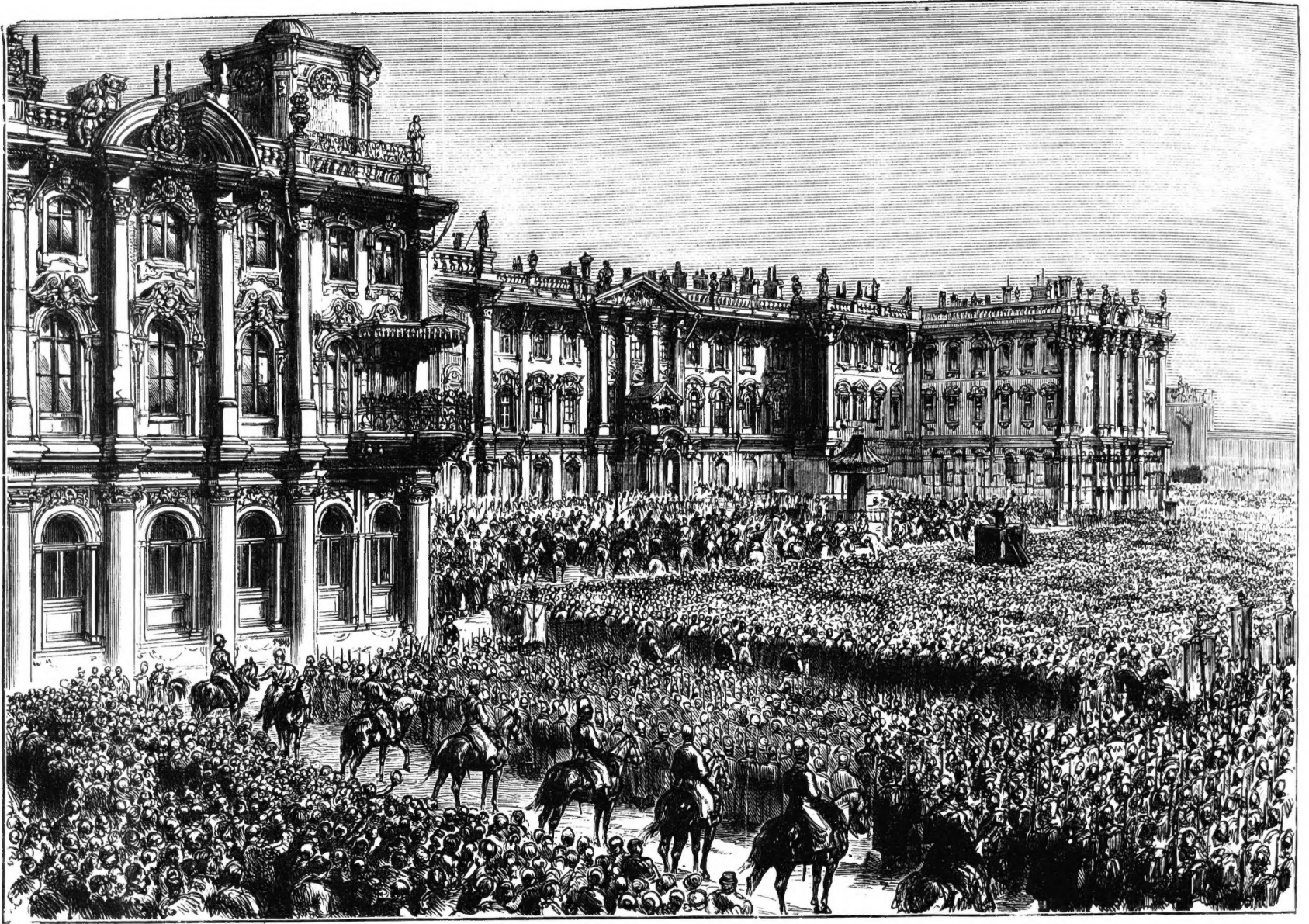
THE MID-DAY NIGHT

GREAT Night! whose vasty shadow doth enshroud
For period so prolonged this arctic zone,
Thou art not robed in sable garb alone,
But all about thy brow sparkles a crowd
Of stars, with more than starlight e'en endowed,
While with wrought canopy of precious stone
Aurora Borealis gems thy throne,
And thy Moon's modest smile half seemeth proud.
Dark Beauty! thus adorned, mother of dreams
That revel in thee, unalarmed by day,
How far with thee the eye to wander seems,
How dost thou lead the straining soul away!
But ah! while thought would scan thy magic light,
Thou hast but this blank answer—All is Night.

THE MIDNIGHT DAY

OH! give me back my star-bespangled skies
That soothe the eye relieved from watch of day;
Repose is part of life, but shuns the ray
Of garish midnight sun that never dies.
Let me once more to call of Morn arise,
Let Evening once again my senses sway;
Here are no peep of dawn, no twilight grey,
No change whereto the changing heart replies.
Bright resurrection with the morning's beam!
Warm death of sleep in sunless tomb of night!
Mysterious doth your alternation seem,
Foreshadowing some far greater dark and light;
Imagination in your course may see
The type of Death and Immortality.

J. J. AUBERTIN



PERFORMANCE OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM BY THE COMBINED BANDS IN FRONT OF THE WINTER PALACE

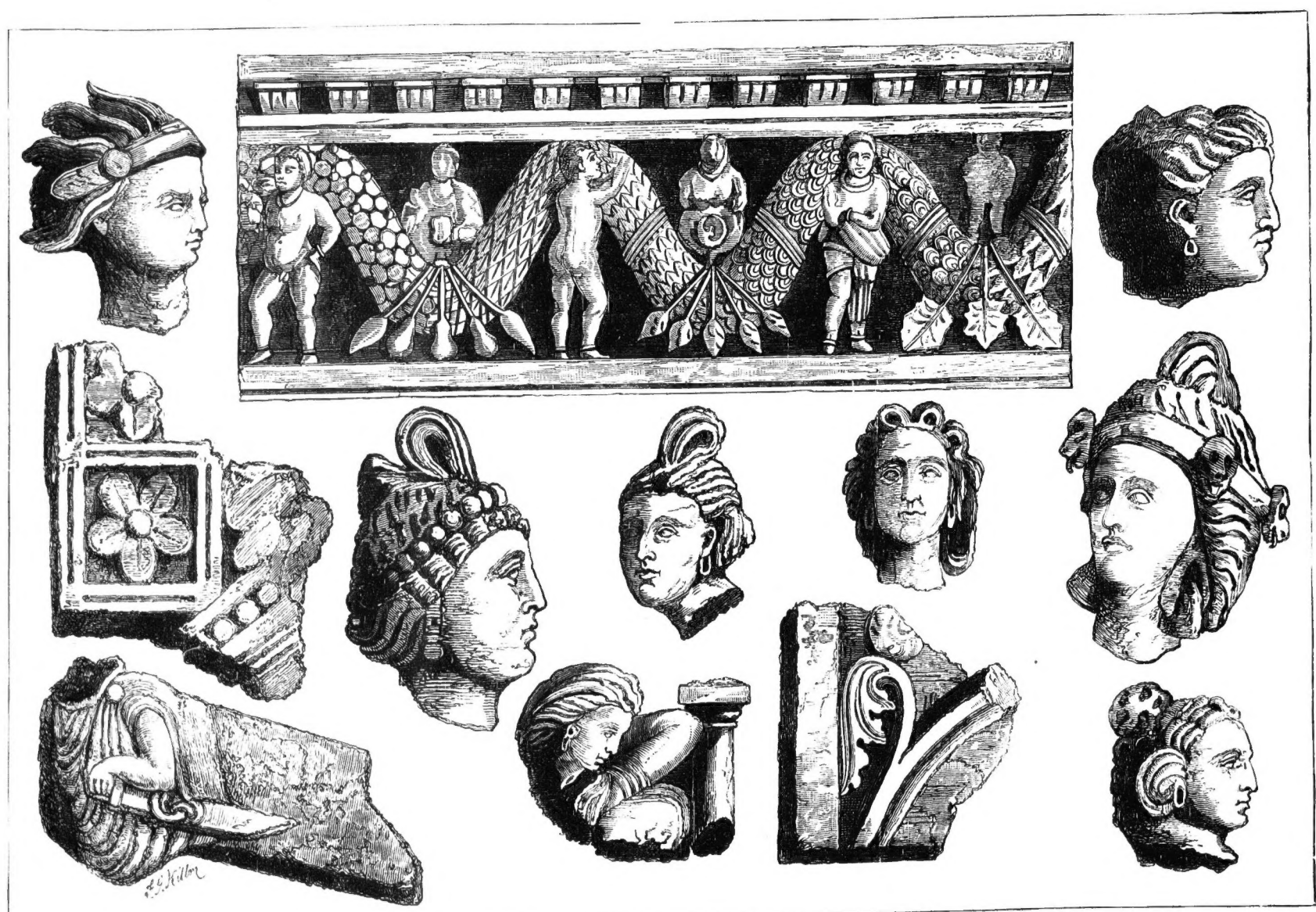


ARRIVAL OF THE CZAREWITCH AT THE WINTER PALACE

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CZAR'S ACCESSION — THE FESTIVITIES IN ST. PETERSBURG



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
THE NEW UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GREAT BRITAIN



AFGHANISTAN—BUDDHIST ANTIQUITIES FOUND AT ADAH, NEAR JELLALABAD

"AN ANCIENT CUSTOM"

THE title of Mr. Knowles' drawing is parodied from that of Mr. Long's well-known picture. It is as ancient a custom for men to tattoo the skin as for ladies to impart an artificial bloom to their complexions. Tattooing probably originated in a desire on the part of warlike tribes to make themselves terrifying in aspect to their enemies, and it possessed the further merit of being a very painful process, and therefore a good test of pluck and endurance. In this country it survives in a feeble form to show that we were once savages, just as dogs prove their wolfish ancestry by turning round and round before they go to sleep. The chief votaries of tattooing are schoolboys, sailors, and—it is painful to add—persons who are likely to be "wanted" by the police. It is curious that these latter should be fond of imprinting indelible proofs of identity on their persons, but so it is. The fact is that a person must be either tolerably innocent or tolerably reckless to submit himself to be tattooed. We all know that a stir was lately caused when it was rumoured that certain noses of the Blood Royal had been embellished with anchors. The rumour was unfounded, yet it was felt that middies were capable of almost any pranks. It is worth noting that the holy horror of branding deserters evinced by philanthropists is not felt by the classes to whom those deserters belong, their bodies being generally plentifully ornamented with pictorial designs.

MONUMENT TO THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

THE statue of the Prince Imperial is the result of a subscription started by Mr. A. Borthwick, of the *Morning Post*. All the Royal Princes are on the Committee, and over 2,600 have been subscribed. It is to be executed in marble, also the sarcophagus, on which his prayer will be introduced, with other inscriptions, &c. The design for the cenotaph has been done, or is to be done, by J. Pearson, A.R.A., Architect to Westminster Abbey. The sculptor, Mr. J. E. Boehm, has treated the effigy as much as possible like the old monuments of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, on account of its place in the Abbey (Henry VII.'s Chapel), but has united with that our modern military costume with the greatest accuracy, finding it just as picturesque as that of any previous period, viz., patrol jacket of staff officer, breeches, and high boots, pith helmet, at his feet. Her Majesty the Queen and the ex-Empress Eugénie have seen the model, and highly approve of it.

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

AT the annual presentation of prizes at the headquarters of this regiment in the City Road on Tuesday, the 9th inst., in the presence of Lieutenant-Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, V.C., M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay; Captain Raikes, the Musketry Instructor, referred in his report to the loss of Captain Field, who died in June last, and who had been Instructor of Musketry for nearly twenty-one years, and also for many years Captain of the English Twenty, and of the Middlesex Ten. The class-shooting of the regiment during the past year had been most satisfactory, it having engaged in six matches against other corps, in only one of which (that against the London Rifle Brigade) was it defeated, and then by ten points only. The prize meeting in August, though held in unfavourable weather, had resulted in some good shooting. The Prince of Wales' prize (which can only be taken once by the same member) was won by Sergeant J. H. Williams, Lieutenant-Colonel Loyd-Lindsay's prize by Lieutenant H. Munday, the Hon. Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay's prize by Private R. Parker, the President's prize (presented by Henry Freshfield, Esq.) by Sergeant Instructor of Musketry Wace, Lord Colville's prize by Private C. W. Webb, and the long-range prize by Private J. A. McKenzie. The Hon. Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay presented to their respective winners the prizes, which were tastefully arranged on a sideboard at the back of the platform, and amounting in aggregate value to upwards of 600l., and Colonel Loyd-Lindsay afterwards complimented the regiment upon its high state of efficiency in shooting. Major Taylor thanked the Hon. Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay for presenting the prizes, and the proceedings, which had been enlivened by the performance of the regimental band, under the direction of Signor Tamplini, came to an end. Some of our engravings are reproduced from Captain Raikes' "History of the Honourable Artillery Company."

A LESSON IN BANDAGING

To most of our readers it will probably be unnecessary to describe what an ambulance class is. Wherever one goes one hears discussed the relative merits of triangular and spiral bandages, the various kinds of impromptu stretchers for moving wounded or injured persons, and other matters relating to the subject. But around the Docks, and along the "coast" of Wapping, the philanthropic campaigns of Mr. Furley and the glories of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem have not yet penetrated. So dark are the inhabitants on these matters that a "fetching" handbill circulated through the district utterly misled them: "Accidents, and How to Treat Them," they took to be a ruse for a Temperance lecture. And yet where could there be more need for the valuable instruction given in these classes? The other day a poor lad fell down a steep shaft in the docks—nearly 70 feet. The "navvy" working at the bottom thought it was a lump of wood at his feet, and kicked him; finding that it was a boy he said, "What are you doing down here?" Further, finding that the boy was insensible, he hollowed to his mates up the shaft, "What d'ye chuck the boy down here for?" He knew nothing of ambulance appliances and the delights of triangular bandages. Therefore it was a real pleasure to find a large number of just the very men one wanted to reach, chiefly members of the St. Agatha's Working Men's Club, gathered to listen to the clear and interesting explanations of Dr. Crookshank, the appointed lecturer. Fifteen members of the St. Agatha's classes passed the examination, and obtained the certificate.—We are indebted for our sketch and the above particulars to the Rev. R. Linklater, Rector of St. Agatha's, Wapping.

KHUDG SHUN SHERE JUNG RANA BAHADUR

THE accession of the late Sir Jung Bahadur to the Prime Ministership of Nepal inaugurated an era of social progress. Perceiving the great benefit to be derived from English education, he established an English school at Khatmandu for the education of his sons and nephews. The credit of establishing a regular school on the model of a higher class English school in Bengal, and of spreading a love of education amongst the nobility and gentry of Nepal, belongs, however, to Maharajah Sir Run Uddeep Singh, the present Prime Minister, who is himself a famous Sanscrit scholar, and knows how to make education attractive to his countrymen. He was greatly assisted by his brother, General Dheer Shum Shere Jung Bahadur, the Commander-in-Chief, who took particular interest in the education of his own children, and whose son, Lieutenant-General Khudg Shun Shere Jung Bahadur, aged nineteen years, achieved such distinguished success at the last entrance examination of the University of Calcutta. It is hoped that the other princes of Nepal will follow his example. In our portrait the young General is represented in his full military uniform, and wearing three medals, one of which was presented to him by the Viceroy, when Her Majesty the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India, another awarded to him in 1874 for proficiency in his class while at school at Khatmandu, and the third is the medal recently given to him by the Governor-General for proficiency in English and other branches of a liberal education.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

GENERAL LORIS MELIKOFF

GENERAL LORIS MELIKOFF, in whose hands the Czar has recently placed the supreme power of the State, is an Armenian, and is about fifty-six years of age. During the Russo-Turkish war, it may be remembered, he especially distinguished himself in the campaign in Asia against Mukhtar Pasha; and when, last year, the plague broke out in the Volga provinces, he was appointed virtual dictator at Karkoff, with full powers to act as he pleased in order to stamp out the epidemic. This he soon succeeded in doing by a series of arbitrary sanitary precautions, a strict cordon being maintained round the infected district, and the most stringent measures being at once taken with any family attacked by the disease. As, therefore, General Melikoff had shown no signs of undue hesitation or leniency in this matter, the Czar has not unnaturally thought that he would be the man to combat the yet more deadly disease of Nihilism; and accordingly, after the last attempt on his life, appointed him Dictator of the Empire. Though, as we have said, an Armenian by birth, General Melikoff was educated at the Lazareff College in Moscow, and is a fair linguist, speaking Armenian, Turkish, Tartar, Persian, Russian, and French; but neither English nor German. He served in the Crimean War as a colonel, and after the fall of Kars was appointed Governor of the town, with the rank of General, and subsequently was appointed Governor of the Vladi Caucasus. Although a strict disciplinarian, he has always been a great favourite with his soldiers, and during the last campaign was wont to visit their bivouacs, tasting their soup to see that all was right, and frequently inspecting the field ambulances and hospitals. He is a good diplomatist, and of altogether a much firmer nature than General Gourko, whom he has replaced, and against whom, a correspondent of a contemporary states, the most serious charge brought was that no Nihilist had attempted to shoot him. At all events, short time as he has been in power, General Melikoff has cleared himself of any such implication. And yet General Melikoff is by no means reckless in his severity. He punishes promptly, but is averse to arresting scores of people for the offence of one. Moreover, as his recent policy has shown, he is far from illiberal in his administration, and is in no manner inclined to confound the innocent with the guilty in the hasty manner which has already wrought so much misery in Russia.

GEORGE OATLEY

THIS brave and sturdy Coastguardman has been recommended by the Duke of Edinburgh for the Albert Medal of the First Class for a display of courage and devotion in the endeavour to save life such as has never been surpassed even upon our coasts, where deeds of noble-hearted daring are of almost daily occurrence. During the stormy weather which prevailed on the 16th of February a Swedish vessel was cast on the rocks near Peterhead, where Oatley was stationed. The Coastguard threw a rocket line across the wreck, but could not make the crew understand how to use it, and there is little doubt that all on board would have perished had not George Oatley, though strongly persuaded by the bystanders not to attempt the dangerous feat, determined to swim out to the vessel. Quickly stripping, he dashed into the raging sea, and after a hard struggle reached the ship, and fired the rocket apparatus, by means of which the whole crew were safely landed, the gallant Oatley, the last who was hauled ashore in the cradle, being received with enthusiastic cheers by all who had witnessed the exciting scene. George Oatley, who is a native of London, was born in 1842, and entered the Navy in 1859. He has served on board the *Excellent*, *Centauro*, *Spitfire*, *Favourite*, *Lord Warren*, and *Glasgow*, and has the China and Abyssinian medals.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Shivas, Peterhead.

THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION

THE building of the forthcoming Exhibition at Melbourne differs in little else than size from its numerous precursors all over the world. It is cruciform in shape, with the centre crowned by a huge octagonal dome, some 223 feet in height, and forming the loftiest erection in the city, topping the Scots Church spire by some 13 ft. It is situated in the Carlton Gardens, and the main front faces Victoria Street. The nave of the building is 500 feet in length from end to end, and is cut through the centre by a transept some 270 feet deep, the ends of which face north and south. At the latter is situated the chief portal—a tall arch, 40 feet wide and 60 feet high, deeply recessed, and reached by a flight of stone steps. On each side are square towers, 105 feet high. The north end is similarly designed, and the rest of the building is in keeping. One great and somewhat novel feature is that the architects have wholly dispensed with skylights as unsuited to the climate, and always more or less actively productive of inconvenience to those beneath. Thus the side courts are lighted through the exterior walls, the lower by tallish windows, and the upper by a clerestory of the same pattern in small, just beneath the parapet. The roof of the nave rising above the parapet affords the clerestory by which the great space below is lighted. In this way the sun's glare is excluded, and a capital means of ventilation afforded. To return to the exterior, a pavilion tower, 80 feet high, flanks each corner. The design is the work of Messrs. Reed and Barnes of Melbourne, and the building is being erected by Mr. David Mitchell, at a cost of 61,407l. It is expected to be finished by next July, and the opening of the Exhibition is at present announced for October.

NOTE.—The Signal Engineering Company, 171, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., informs us that the statement in our issue of March 6, that the *Orient* steamship was fitted with electric bells is erroneous, the fact being that the vessel is supplied throughout with thier Patent Pneumatic Bells.



THE COMING GENERAL ELECTION.—The contending political factions are already engaged in earnest strife all over the country, and the trumpet calls of the leaders on either side are being echoed and re-echoed by men of lesser importance in every borough and town in the three kingdoms. The most exciting contests will probably be in the counties, where the Liberals are making strenuous efforts to overcome their opponents. Great interest will, of course, be felt in the progress of events in Midlothian and North East Lancashire, although both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington will probably in any event be returned to Parliament, the former for Leeds and the latter for the Radnor Boroughs, should their chosen constituencies unexpectedly fail them. Lord Ramsay, undismayed by his recent defeat, again lifts his banner at Liverpool, and the battles there and at Sheffield, Birmingham, Southwark, Westminster, and other places will be watched with great anxiety. Indeed, the whole country is already in a ferment of excitement, which may be expected to increase as the moment approaches for the decisive battle by ballot. A brief summary of some of the addresses issued by the contending leaders will be found on page 302, but with our limited space it would be futile to attempt anything like a *résumé* of a tithe of the speeches which have been delivered during the week, or to describe the enthusiasm with which the various orators have been received by their special

admirers.—Lord Derby's formal secession from the Conservative party was an event to be expected at such a crisis as the present, and it is one which will doubtless have its effect upon the result of the elections, though there are some who affect to underrate its importance. In a letter to the Earl of Sefton his lordship says that he has been long unwilling to separate from the political connection in which he was brought up; but he cannot support the present Government, and as neutrality, however from personal feelings he might prefer it, is at a political crisis an evasion of public duty, he has no choice except to declare himself, however reluctantly, ranked among their opponents.—On Tuesday Mr. Gladstone left London for Edinburgh, after making a remarkably confident speech to the crowd which had assembled at King's Cross to wish him "success to Midlothian." On his way northward he made speeches whenever the train stopped, and on arriving at Edinburgh was greatly cheered by the crowd as he drove off to Dalmeny.—Lord Hartington began his electioneering campaign on Saturday. Speaking at Accrington in the afternoon he said that he challenged nearly every passage in the Premier's manifesto relating to foreign affairs. He could see no object for the dissolution unless it were the failure of the Water Bill and the unwillingness of the Government to have a full discussion on the Budget. He was of opinion that if the Government had any intention of dissolving at the time the Water Bill was introduced they had lent themselves to a gigantic gambling job. In another speech, delivered the same evening at Blackburn, he reviewed the chief acts of the Government, which he protested against, and deprecated the Premier's expression, claiming ascendancy in Europe for the English Government when they had not increased the military or naval power by one single atom.—Mr. Parnell was expected to arrive at Queenstown to-day (Saturday), when he will immediately issue a manifesto. He brings with him, it is said, 10,000l. for electioneering purposes, and great preparations are being made for his reception by the Nationalist party.—Mr. Herbert Gladstone, fourth son of the ex-Premier, stands as a candidate for Middlesex, the City Liberal Club having subscribed 1,500l. towards his expenses.—Amongst the curiosities of election news we note that the Tichborne Claimant has been started as an Independent candidate for Nottingham, and that an Indian gentleman, Mr. Lalmohun Ghose, a barrister, is coming from Calcutta to offer himself as a Liberal candidate, for what constituency is not stated.

THE NEW PEER AND NEW KNIGHTS.—The Right Hon. William Watson, Lord Advocate of Scotland, and member for the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen, is to be raised to the Upper House as a Lord of Appeal, in succession to the late Lord Gordon; and the dignity of Knighthood is to be conferred on Mr. William Thomas Charley, M.P., Common Serjeant of London; and Mr. John Braddick Monckton, F.S.A., Town Clerk of London.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW will, after all, probably be held as originally announced, the legal advisers of the Crown being of opinion that the fact of Easter Tuesday being the earliest day on which the earliest nomination of Parliamentary candidates can take place, any military manoeuvres which take place on the preceding day will not come under the Act prohibiting the massing of troops at election time. The 20,000 Volunteers who are expected to attend are to be divided into two forces. The "enemy," 9,991 men and 14 guns, under Major-General J. Turner, C.B., R.A., will advance against Brighton from Lewes, whilst the defending force, will consist of 11,637 men and 20 guns, under Major-General W. P. Radcliffe, C.B. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar will take the supreme command. Lord Ranelagh and Lord Bury will each command a Brigade in the Brighton force, and two Volunteer officers will act as brigadiers in the Lewes force; all the rest of the brigadiers will be regular officers. The proceedings may be said to commence as early as next Thursday, when the advance parties of the flying columns start from their respective depôts.

IRISH DISTRESS.—Lord Lifford has written a long letter to *The Times*, in which he states that though he doubts not that there is distress, and great distress, in some districts of Ireland, the extent of it has been immensely exaggerated. His lordship is, however, contradicted by Mr. E. R. King-Harman, M.P., who says that as a rule the people in the West are making a brave fight, and are generally found asking for work, and not clamouring for charity. The Duchess of Marlborough's Fund now amounts to 88,525l., and that of the Dublin Mansion House Committee to 118,000l. Alderman Cotton has placed at the disposal of the Lord Mayor of London a warehouse, situate at 197, Bermondsey Street, for the reception of gifts of clothing and bed covering for the poor of Ireland, which the Duchess of Marlborough says are greatly needed. Messrs. Carter and Co., of Holborn, have sent to Her Grace 150 bushels of seed potatoes.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—The observance of this national anniversary on Wednesday was very general throughout Ireland, but no disturbances are reported. In Dublin the usual ceremony of trooping the colours was performed in the presence of the Lord Lieutenant and the Duchess of Marlborough, who wore a dress of green velvet, and carried a bouquet of shamrock. Their Graces were greatly cheered by the crowd, who, despite a drizzling rain, enjoyed themselves in a hearty fashion. In London the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick held its festival dinner, under the presidency of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

A CONFERENCE ON THRIFT was held on Friday last at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. Among those present were the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lord Derby, Lord Reay, Cardinal Manning, Lord Sidmouth, Earl Stanhope, Lord Cottesloe, Sir C. Trevelyan, Dr. B. W. Richardson, and Professor Leone Levi. Several papers were read, and on the motion of Lord Derby a resolution was passed in favour of holding an annual conference on the subject.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES presided on Saturday at the festival dinner of the Westminster Hospital, and in proposing the toast of the Army and Navy, said that our army is maintained not so much for aggression as defence, and we had every reason to be proud of the conduct of our soldiers, who had proved themselves as brave and well disciplined as ever. With regard to the navy, we had been making many changes in our ships, but we had a great and powerful fleet.

THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION held its annual meeting on Tuesday. The funds of the society are in a flourishing condition, and during the past year twelve new lifeboats have been placed upon our coasts, making a total of 269, by means of which 637 persons have been rescued from wrecked or imperilled vessels.

A COLLIERY ON FIRE.—On Sunday night, at one of the pits at Hight Blantyre, the scene of two great disasters in 1878 and 1879, a fire broke out in the workings, and a series of explosions occurred, doing immense damage. Some men who had gone down to feed the horses which are kept below had to retire precipitately, and one of them was killed. The pit has been "sealed up" as the only means of extinguishing the flames, and 1,000 men are thrown out of work.

THE TAY BRIDGE ACCIDENT.—It is stated that in consequence of the dissolution of Parliament the Board of Trade inquiry will not be resumed until April. Two more bodies have been recovered, one at Dundee, and the other eight miles east of the bridge. Last week, by fifteen votes to thirteen, the Dundee Free Presbytery adopted an overture to the General Assembly recognising the hand of God in the Tay Bridge disaster, and asking the Assembly to devise means for removing temptations to Sunday travelling and traffic. One speaker said he regarded the disaster as a judgment of God upon mercantile trickery in building a bad bridge.



PARLIAMENT having lived long, dies hard. Three-fourths of the members are, as it has been gently put from the Treasury Bench on behalf of absent colleagues, "engaged in business in the country." There certainly remain, or certainly remained up till Thursday, a sufficient number, not only to make a respectable division list, but to carry on a prolonged debate. On Monday, as was expected in the circumstances, there was a full assembly. In the House of Commons there was matter for exciting debate. In the House of Peers it was expected that Lord Derby would put in his appearance and solemnly take his place in the ranks of the Liberals. Lord Stratheden and Campbell had placed on the paper a resolution calling attention to the Foreign Policy of the Government. This calling attention to the Foreign Policy, but it was expected of itself was not a matter of much importance, but it was expected that Lord Derby would take it as the text of a speech. Lord Stratheden and Campbell is one of those erratic politicians who never about the House of Lords, and constantly threaten to disturb its serenity by debates on portentous subjects. Scarcely a week has gone by in the troublous times, now it is to be hoped for ever passed, that Lord Stratheden and Campbell has not had some resolution on the paper calling attention to some phase or other of Foreign Policy. The particular resolution debated on Monday had been down on the paper for the same day in the previous week, when his Lordship had come down prepared with his remarkable arguments, his incongruous illustrations, and his questionable facts. He was met on the threshold by a request from Lord Beaconsfield to postpone his motion, since the Marquis of Salisbury could not be present to take part in the discussion. Lord Stratheden ingeniously accepted the Premier's excuse, and bewailed the hard fate that opposed him and smote the Foreign Secretary with illness at the very time when he desired to discuss with him affairs in Afghanistan. He must have felt a trifle resentful when, a few minutes later, it appeared that the Prime Minister had been playing with him, and that the reason why it would be inconvenient on that night to discuss Afghanistan was not that Lord Salisbury was ill, but that Parliament was on the point of death.

On Monday it suited the convenience of the chiefs on either side that the debate should come on, and thus afford an opportunity of finally placing before the constituencies the views of Ministers and the Opposition on the subject of what Mr. Macdormott is wont to allude to as "Our Empire in the East." Lord Stratheden and Campbell, as innocent of the truth now as he had been on the previous Monday, remained under the impression that the intensest desire of the House was to hear him. This was a desire he satisfied to overflowing. In replying to Earl Granville the Premier, incidentally alluding to Lord Stratheden, said the House had often been interested and amused by his diplomatic rhetoric, and the time had come to do justice to its beauties and delicacies. After this preamble, however, Lord Beaconsfield shrank from the task, and went on to talk of other things. Since he failed to do justice to the extraordinary style of speech with which Lord Stratheden and Campbell discusses the affairs of nations it would be presumptuous for any one else to make the endeavour, though the task is a tempting one.

Earl Granville spoke at some length in his customary gentle and insinuating, but none the less incisive style; and then came the Premier, evidently determined that what has proved to be his last speech in the Parliament that has covered him with glory should be worthy of the occasion. He was in his best form, playing with mock gravity with the eccentric peer who had introduced the subject, deftly attempting to separate Earl Granville from Mr. Gladstone, who, he more than hinted, was responsible for all those complications against which a Conservative Government had striven through six years, whilst he roundly declared that the disturbance in foreign affairs was directly due to the action of the last Liberal Government. There were not many peers present to hear this speech, but it was much enjoyed on both sides, on one especially, by reason of its supposed uses as an electioneering manifesto, and by both in gratitude for its invigorating influence. The speech of a man of genius makes an agreeable current in an atmosphere eminently respectable but decidedly dull.

In the House of Commons, on this same night, Mr. Gladstone had also delivered what is his last speech in the Parliament of 1874. This was the night specially set apart for discussion on the Budget proposals, and in expectation of an important debate there was a considerable gathering. Mr. Gladstone cast himself with more than his accustomed energy into the fray. He almost threw himself upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and tore to shreds all the little illusions which that right hon. gentleman had woven about his Probate Duty Bill, with the desire to make it look as little as possible like an arrangement for increasing taxation. Mr. Gladstone disclosed the bare facts to the gaze, and held them up to the loudly-expressed scorn of the Opposition, whilst it was noticeable that the Ministerialists did not reply with counter cheers. He showed beyond controversy that the effect of the Bill would be grievously to increase the Probate Duty on estates of from 500*l.* upward to two or three thousand pounds, whilst the increase again toned down when the estates of the very wealthy were touched. He not only did this, but insisted upon having the Chancellor of the Exchequer's confession that what he had stated was accurate. "Is it so?" he said, leaning half across the table, and holding his former pupil with his glittering eye. Sir Stafford Northcote moved uneasily in his seat, and for some time resisted the appeal. But Mr. Gladstone, the former influence of the master prevailed, and with a muttered protest against "the inconvenience of this catechetical process," rose and went into a detailed explanation of the tax, which fully confirmed Mr. Gladstone's assertion. "Catechetical or not," said Mr. Gladstone, when the admission was complete, "it would have been easier and simpler to say 'Yes.'"

Mr. Gladstone having fired his shot went out to dinner, never more to appear in what is still the existing House of Commons. With his departure the interest in the affair ceased, the debate would have collapsed, and Parliament would have disposed of its business but for exception taken to another Bill on the agenda of the evening. This was the Corrupt Practices Bill, which chiefly proposes to repeal the existing law that makes illegal the conveyance of voters in boroughs. Against this the Scotch members were united with one accord, and borrowing a leaf from the book of the Obstructionists, they elaborated a little scheme which finally resulted in success. The Bill being opposed could not be discussed on Monday, unless it came on before half-past twelve. If the discussion on the Budget resolutions were prolonged over half-past twelve this object would be gained. Accordingly, long speeches were made, Sir George Dalhousie and Sir George Campbell rendering valuable service to Scotland. The Bill was by these means postponed, and taken up again at Tuesday's sitting.

Hereupon the discussion was resumed, but the Government, who, however urgent may be "business in the country," found sufficient members to maintain their majority, carried the second reading. The indomitable Scotch returned to the assault as soon as the Bill went into Committee, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as often happens, finally yielding at a time when the whole matter seemed settled, gave in, and consented to omit Scotland from the operation

of the Act. This, of course, brought up the Irish members, who clamoured for justice to Ireland. Again the Chancellor went through the process, first of obstinately resisting, then of suddenly yielding, and Ireland was scratched out of the Bill. But when, in the natural order of things, the Welsh members appeared on the scene, and pleaded for the exemption of the Principality—the English members evidently preparing for a grand final attack on behalf of England—the Chancellor folded his arms and announced that the utmost limit of concession had been reached. So it proved, and the Bill; such as it was, with its arms and legs lopped off, passed through Committee, was discussed again on Wednesday, and went through its final stage on Thursday.



MR. TOM TAYLOR'S *Still Waters Run Deep* has not been seen on the London stage since the decease of the late Mr. Alfred Wigan—the original representative of the effective part of John Mildmay when this comedy was produced at the Olympic Theatre in 1855. During the lifetime of that gentleman, indeed, a well-understood principle of etiquette, not to speak of the risk of unfavourable comparison, would have precluded any performer of note from essaying a part so inseparably associated with the name of that excellent actor. The exclusive right to the comedy, however, is now understood to have been acquired by the management of the ST. JAMES'S, at which house it was revived, in a very elaborate and finished style, on Saturday evening. The story of this piece, which was founded, as Mr. Taylor has always acknowledged, on a novelette of Charles de Bernard, entitled "Le Gendre," is well remembered by many playgoers. Its theme is the contrast between solid, unpretending worth, and hollow assumption—between modest honour and integrity and the imposing arts of the systematic swindler. With a very artistic eye to effect, worthy John Mildmay, the hero of the piece, being of a quiet, undemonstrative nature, is represented as undervalued, and almost despised, by the little world of dupes and rogues by whom he is surrounded, until convincing evidence is furnished of his superiority, both in energy of will and in moral worth. Even his wife, under the evil influences of a credulous and sentimental aunt, looks with a sort of contemptuous pity upon her modest, homely husband, who is assumed to have no capacity for enjoying music, or any other refined pursuit, and to be fitted only for such occupations as painting the trellis in the conservatory, and generally making himself useful, as he is accustomed to do about the house. Mildmay, however, is quickly felt by the audience to possess, under his quiet self-possessed exterior, much natural shrewdness. While he is supposed to be apathetic and unobservant, he is really vigilant and well informed of all that is passing around him; and this not by the exercise of superior cunning, but simply by virtue of his native good sense and shrewdness. The scenes in which Mildmay quietly outwits the audacious swindler and parasite Hawksley, compels him to refund money obtained for shares in a sham company, and to give up letters compromising to the reputation of the sentimental Mrs. Sternhold, and the easy confidence with which he assumes command in his own house, are admirably set forth in dramatic scenes—the situation being endowed with an element of pathos in the remorse of the young wife, both for her failure to appreciate the sterling qualities of her husband, and her weakness in listening for a moment to the licentious declarations of passion of the scoundrel Hawksley. Unfortunately, the author has not been able to maintain suspense in the third act without the introduction of melodramatic elements which are not in harmony with its general spirit. The piece is put upon the stage with all the care that distinguishes Mr. Hare's system; and the acting throughout, in several respects equal to that of representations which many persons present on Saturday evening must have well remembered, is remarkable for high finish, and in some instances for true power. As John Mildmay is necessarily the central figure of the story, and his relations with the other personages are the main source of interest, it is unfortunate that Mr. Kendal's impersonation, carefully studied as it is, does not quite attain the ideal of the character, which is that of a man little given, either by nature or education, to subtleties of reasoning, and somewhat slow and taciturn of habit, yet full of natural shrewdness, simplicity, and good nature. Mr. Kendal, however, presents us with a rather smooth-mannered gentleman whose moderation and unobtrusiveness seem to have their foundation rather in cultivation, and the habitual restraint imposed by polite society, than in the qualities above indicated. Nevertheless the most forcible situations of the piece, particularly those in which he quietly but courageously unmasks the swindler, were very effectively rendered. Mrs. Kendal's performance of the part of Mrs. Sternhold is not probably destined to take rank among her greater triumphs, but it affords her many opportunities for powerful acting. Mr. Terris's Hawksley and Mr. Hare's performance of the old man Potter are the best pieces of acting in the representation, the latter being a highly wrought exhibition of polished villany; the latter a curiously minute study of senile weakness and conceit. The minor parts allotted to Mr. Wennan, Mr. Denny, and Miss Grahame are generally satisfactorily sustained.

At the DUKE'S Theatre a play entitled *The Battle of the Heart*, already known to provincial audiences, has been produced with some amount of success. It is the production of a writer named Wilkins, author of a comedy called *Civilisation*, who died some eighteen years ago. The blank verse in which it is written is somewhat turgid, and the incidents tend rather decidedly towards the extreme limits of the conceivable; but the piece has showy qualities, and it may suit the tastes of the patrons of Messrs. Holt and Wilmot. A new comic opera entitled *The Naval Cadet* will be produced at the OPERA COMIQUE on Saturday next. At SADLER'S WELLS *Macbeth* has been again revived, with Mr. Herman Vezin in the title rôle. At the PRINCESS'S there will be two special and only morning performances of *The Streets of London* on Saturday, March 27th, and Easter Monday, March 25th.

AN ARRANGEMENT IN BLUE

BLUE be the sky that stretches o'er the day
Whereon the rival Blues their fate decide;
And of the crowds who mark their rapid way
May none be in the blues whate'er betide.
With Blue-beard jealousy the umpire strains
His gaze to mark which azure shoots ahead;
No blue-pill made could mitigate his pains
Were he to score a heat—the backer's dread.
With Spring's sweet blossoms all the bank is lined,
For blue bellies cluster in their hundreds there;
At neighb'ring bars the losers sad may find
Blue ruin plentiful to soothe their care.
Each band whose strains the winning colours greet,
Should play "Blue Bonnets," and that place of joy
The winning-post, should all-appropriate meet
Their eyes in shape of Gainsborough's Blue Boy!
The hurrying feet that race along the bank
Should all wear Blue-chiers, and 'tis surely due
To this great day that in one serried rank
For once both Rad and Tory vote for Blue!—W. F. R.



THE JEWS' INFANT SCHOOL BALL will take place at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday, March 24.

THE NEW BRITISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION promoted by Commander Cheyne will not start until May, 1881.

NOTE.—The story entitled "How Jack Harris became an Aesthetic," which we commended last week in our Magazine review, is not, as we stated, by Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., but by his son. We congratulate the father on the promise shown by his offspring.

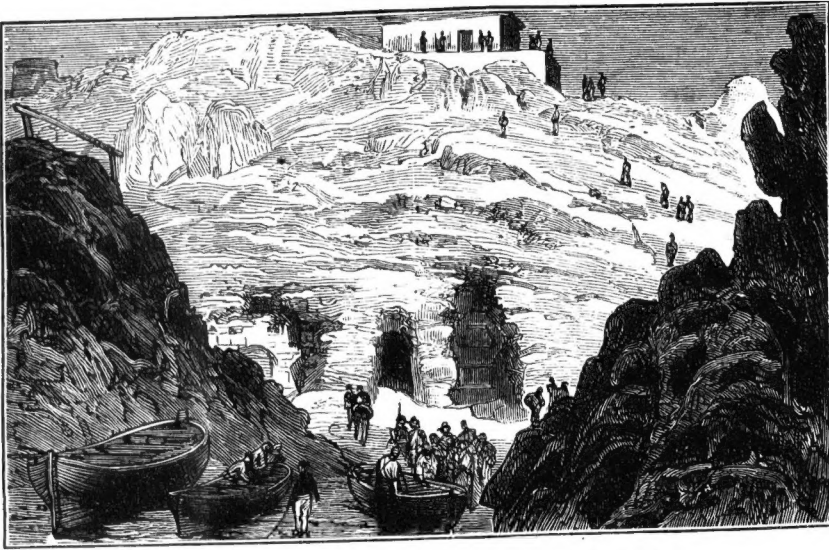
"RORKE'S DRIFT."—All who take an interest in battle-pieces should go and see De Neuville's picture of this gallant incident at the Fine Art Gallery, 148, New Bond Street. The accomplished Frenchman has earned a great reputation for the skill, spirit, and fidelity with which he depicts scenes in the military annals of his own country, and here he shows that he possesses equal mastery over the national characteristics of the British soldier. The picture is full of life and movement—in the background the burning hospital; in the foreground Chard, Bromhead, and the rest of the handful of heroes, defending the frail barricade of mealie-bags and biscuit-boxes against the advancing hosts of equally brave Zulus. The grouping is admirable, and our only regret is that the credit of painting such a picture does not belong to an Englishman.

SIR F. LEIGHTON'S FRESKO.—Critical opinion seems unanimous in affirming that the President of the Royal Academy has, by his admirable mural painting just completed, enriched the South Kensington Museum with a picture which, in a purely technical and artistic sense, is a masterpiece of colouring, composition, and skilful grouping. From a public point of view, however, it is impossible not to regret that in his treatment of a great subject like "The Industrial Arts of War," in a great national institution, and the centre of the important network of State support to Art and Art instruction in this country, he should have produced a composition which is neither English nor modern, and which, therefore, can scarcely be considered appropriate to its place or to the times. Sir Frederick Leighton would, we think, have shown more wisdom if he had chosen an English and a modern instead of an Italian and an ancient subject for his fresco. Surely our great dockyards and gun factories would have furnished many a one? The result might not have been so graceful and refined; but it would have possessed a certain grandeur and uncompromising force which could only be associated with modern times, and which would have given the picture a national historical interest—an attraction which it cannot now be said to possess.

HERR MACKART, the well-known Austrian artist and painter of "The Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp" will send to the Paris Salon another large work, "Diana Hunting with her Nymphs." M. de Nittis, the Italian, already known as a student of London of life, will furnish a view of a London park and a scene at the Arc de Triomphe. Another foreign contributor, the American artist, Bridgman, will send two large Algerian pictures, one a domestic interior at Biscara, the other an encampment of wandering Arabs. Amongst Gallic painters we have already alluded to M. Bastien-Lepage's "Joan of Arc," which represents the damsel in nearly modern guise, standing in the fields listening to her "voices," but one striking work will be M. Le Roan's "The Czar of Russia Giving an Audience after the Attempt of 1866," while M. Jules Goupil will exhibit "Madame Roland Going to the Scaffold," and M. Van Mark a cattle group. There will be a specially large number of portraits of celebrities, the chief being MM. Grévy and Gambetta, by Bonnat, Father Hyacinthe with his wife and child, and M. Rochefort by Desboutsins, Mlle. Chaumont by Delhumeau, and several likenesses of the Ministry. M. Henner will send "Andromeda Chained to the Rock," and a "Nymph at the Fountain," M. Worms a Spanish scene, M. Weertz "The Death of Marat," M. Munkacsy "A Fashionable Drawing Room," and Mlle. Sara Bernhardt the much-talked-of "Death and the Young Girl."

THE SALE OF THE FAMOUS SAN DONATO COLLECTION began on Monday at Prince Demidoff's Palace near Florence, and the first day's proceeds amounted to 16,000*l.*, the highest prices being paid for Greuze's heads of a peasant and a little girl—respectively 1,080*l.* and 482*l.*, and a view on the Maas and Market scene by Ruysdael—1,000*l.* and 600*l.* This magnificent assemblage of pictures, sculpture, bronzes, tapestry, furniture, china, and *bric-à-brac* of all kinds will occupy two months by its sale, and subsequently the Palace itself will be sold, Prince Demidoff preferring to create a residence for himself rather than be renowned simply in connection with an estate obtained by inheritance. Accordingly, he has bought the former summer residence of the Medicis at Pratolino, where he intends to erect a villa in keeping with the original building constructed for Francis de Medicis in 1569 by John of Bologna and Bernard Buontalenti. One of the most interesting portions, historically speaking, of the San Donato collection is the Napoléonic Museum, formed by Anatole Demidoff, the husband of the Princess Mathilde. Locks of hair of the great Emperor and of the little Roi de Rome are side by side with a tooth of Napoleon I. when a child, which was kept by Madame Mère, and given by her to King Jérôme, and which is mounted in a gold circlet. Other relics are the cockade worn by Napoleon when he arrived at Porto-Ferrajo in 1814, his snuff-box, a pocket-handkerchief, pair of white breeches, and a dinner napkin, a paper weight made out of cement from the Emperor's tomb, and a leaf of the famous willow overshadowing the grave at St. Helena.

MR. FRITH'S "RACE FOR WEALTH."—In this picture, now exhibiting at the Gallery in King Street, St. James's, some stages in the career of an unscrupulous and dishonest speculator are aptly illustrated. They display no very profound insight into character; but the incidents are well chosen for the purpose of evolving the story, and they are set forth very clearly. In the two first pictures, the great financier and promoter of companies is in the full tide of prosperity. He is first seen in his City office, which is crowded by persons eager to attract his attention, one of whom is a weak-minded clergyman, who, with his wife and daughters beside him, is fingering a mass of ore as he carefully scans the plan of a mine, fascinated evidently with the prospect of easily acquiring wealth. The second picture, in which the rich man appears in his own drawing-room, is less dramatic than the first, and it is inferior to it both in composition and execution. The third shows the home of the clergyman, who, with his family assembled at breakfast, has just received tidings of the collapse of the swindle in which his fortune was involved. Dismay and bewilderment are well portrayed in the face of the rector's wife; but the attitude of her husband, who sits with his head bowed down, is stogy and artificial. The fourth picture is the last of the series; indeed, as regards truthful delineation of character as well as general treatment, colour, and keeping, it is one of the best the painter has produced. The scene represented is the Central Criminal Court; the reckless speculator stands at the bar with an expression of despair on his face; and his victim, the clergyman, presents a scarcely less pitiable aspect in the witness-box. It is, however, in the subordinate figures that the artist's skill is chiefly shown—in the barristers, the jurymen, and the party of ladies, one of whom scans the prisoner's face through an opera-glass. The last act shows the former millionaire, in a hideous convict dress, drearily tramping with his comrades round the dismal court-yard of a prison.



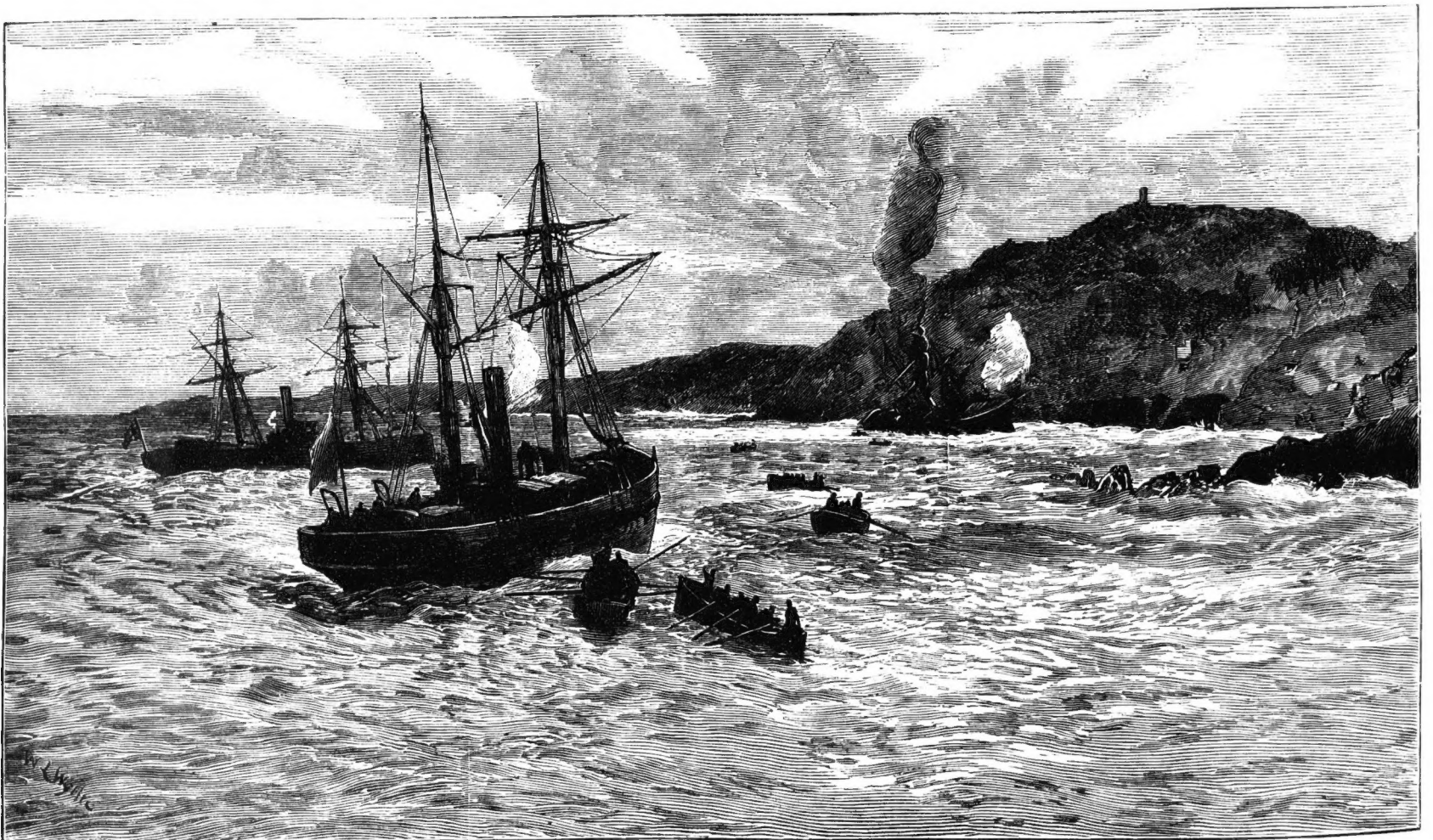
CASTRO, WHERE THE PASSENGERS WERE LANDED



LANDING THE PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE

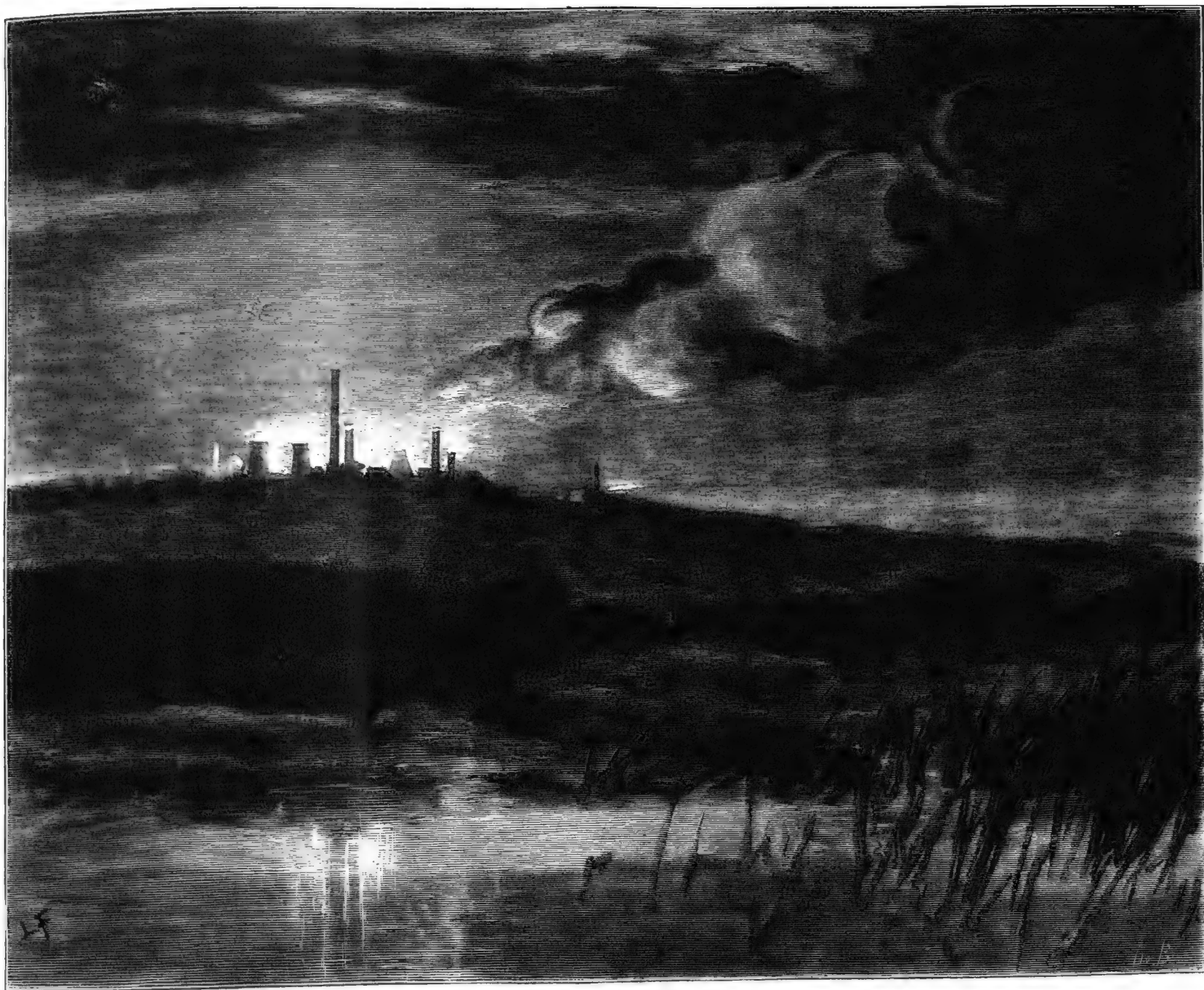


TYPES OF THE NATIVES



GENERAL VIEW OF THE WRECK

THE WRECK OF THE P. AND O. STEAMER "TRAVANCORE" IN CASTRO BIGHT NEAR OTRANTO



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDÉS, A.R.A.

The glare of the Brackenbury furnaces reddened half the sky by night, whilst their smoke darkened the atmosphere by day.

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

RETROSPECTIVE: THE BRACKENBURY LAW SUIT

ALTHOUGH the Brackenbury peerage was of comparatively recent date, being in fact no older than the fourteenth year of George the Third, yet the Brackenbury property was an old property, and boasted a good long pedigree. That is to say, it had been in the hands of the Brackenbury family, descending from father to son in the direct line, ever since the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth. Counting by acreage, it was an extensive property; but as a good third of that acreage consisted of bare hill and barren moor, and the rest of a light sandy soil, the Brackenburys were for many generations less wealthy than if their patrimony had been of smaller extent and better quality. As landed gentry they were moderately affluent; as peers they were positively poor.

Then, all at once, there opened upon them the prospect of wealth. On a certain waste tract of most unpromising aspect, which he had bought more with a view to rounding off his property on that side than for any probable value that it would ever possess for himself or his descendants, Lord Brackenbury's grandfather discovered a seam of coal. The original owner of this priceless piece of waste land was a certain Squire Langtreys, a genial, careless, extravagant gentleman of the old school, whose estates adjoined the Brackenbury property, but who had so entangled his affairs that his son, on coming of age, consented to cut off the entail, and satisfy the creditors. It was a piece of land that had always been more or less of an annoyance to the Brackenburys. It lay, as it were, islanded in the midst of one of their moors. It interfered with their shooting. It harboured their partridges. It gave rise to endless squabbling between their own and their neighbour's gamekeepers. It was, in short, profitless to the Langtreys, and a thorn in the side of the Brackenburys; and so, when the time came that timber was being cut, and farms were being sold, and much of the Squire's property was changing hands, the then Lord Brackenbury bought it at a fair price, to the satisfaction of both parties.

Now Squire Langtreys and Lord Brackenbury were such old and fast friends that it would probably have taken something more than even a seam of coal to sunder them; but it so happened that the Squire died and was succeeded by his son before the buyer discovered his good fortune. That discovery, while it very naturally filled Lord Brackenbury's heart with rejoicing, filled the heart of the young Squire with disappointment and bitterness. He had felt it hard enough already that his means should be narrowed by his father's extravagance. He had sorely grudged the sacrifice he made in cutting off the entail. But that he should actually have held a fortune in his grasp and let it go, was more than he could bear with even a semblance of equanimity.

But had he let it go? His father and he had sold the land; but they had not sold the coal. If they had dreamed of the possible presence of the coal, they would never have sold it at all. Besides, there was no mention of such possibility in the deed of sale. How, then, could they have sold the coal if it was not in the bond?

So reasoned Stephen Langtreys of The Grange; and, convinced of the justice of his claim, he demanded restitution of the land on repayment of the purchase money. Lord Brackenbury, it is needless to say, declined the proposal; but he offered to present the son of his old friend and neighbour with a bonus of five thousand pounds. Mr. Langtreys, bent upon having all or none, rejected the bonus with scorn, and resolved to go to law. His own and his father's trusted solicitor, the old and tried friend who had piloted them through all their difficulties, after trying in vain to make him see the fallacy of his reasoning, refused to move in the matter, and washed his hands of the consequences. But, like most narrow-minded men, the more Stephen Langtreys was opposed, the more obstinate he became. He was bent on litigation; and when a man is bent on litigation, he seldom experiences much difficulty in finding a lawyer to carry out his views. Mr. Langtreys experienced no difficulty whatever. He laid the matter before a new and somewhat pushing firm of late established in a neighbouring county town; was, of course, assured of the excellence of his case; and soon found himself formally embarked in a good old-fashioned lawsuit.

Now, unfortunately for the Squire, it so happened that, owing to a trifling informality in the drawing up of the papers connected with the sale of this same piece of waste land, there actually proved to be a slight flaw in Lord Brackenbury's title; that is to say, there was room for grave doubt as to whether one of those mysterious legal inventions called "an attendant term" had been duly and properly got in and assigned to attend the inheritance. Had there been no such stumbling-block in the way, anything like prolonged litigation would have been out of the question. Mr. Langtreys would have lost his cause, paid his own and his opponents' costs, and been only a few hundreds the poorer. But this unlucky flaw furnished precisely the peg upon which it became possible to hang an elaborate web of legal subtleties; and in Messrs. Fawcett and Clarke, Mr. Langtreys had found just the spiders to weave it. How they wove it year after year, skilfully catching up the threads wherever it broke down; prolonging it in this or that direction; entangling their wretched fly more and more hopelessly in its fatal meshes; playing what they called a "waiting game" of indefinite duration; fattening upon their client's wasting substance, and building their own prosperity upon his gradual ruin, are facts that need to be sketched but in the barest outline. Enough that the lawsuit wore on for twenty-six years, ruined Stephen Langtreys, and was lost at last.

It was a conclusion that had been long foreseen by every one but himself. Dominated, however, by one fixed idea, the Squire to the last was confident of victory. When the blow fell, it crushed him. He had lived on this one hope for six-and-twenty years; fostering it at the cost of his better nature, and clinging to it the more passionately the more rotten it became. He had sacrificed his whole career to it, neither travelling, nor marrying, nor going into Parliament, nor carrying into effect any of the cherished prospects of his youth. Then, when the house of cards that he had been building for more than half his lifetime toppled over at a touch, he went down with it.

It was a case of complete and utter ruin—ruin of mind, body, and estate. He became suddenly broken and decrepit; took to his bed; and died within three months of the day when judgment was finally given against him. The wreck of his property—consisting of The Grange and some seventy acres of land—then passed by his will to his elder and only surviving sister, with the remainder at her death to his younger sister's orphan child.

The great lawsuit, meanwhile, bore heavily on others as well as upon its unhappy author. Old Squire Langtreys's family consisted of a son and two daughters; Lord Brackenbury's family consisted of an only son; and Lord Brackenbury's son and Squire Langtreys's youngest daughter, though not actually engaged, were very dear to one another in the happy days before the coal was discovered. That discovery parted their lives for ever. Herbert Brackenbury was abroad, making what was then called the Grand Tour, when Stephen Langtreys advanced his senseless claim for restitution; and by the time he came home the breach between the families was already past healing. The breach presently culminated in the beginning of the great lawsuit. All intercourse thenceforth ceased between the two houses. Stephen Langtreys ruled at The Grange, obeyed by his sisters as though he were a god. The elder worshipped as well as obeyed him; believing what he believed, desiring what he desired, hating what he hated. The younger, being of a gentle and timid nature, stood in too much awe of her brother, and was too completely ruled by her sister, to be other than passive in their hands. As long as it was possible to hope, she hoped. When hope died, she grieved silently. Her dream might melt into air; but Herbert Brackenbury was still her hero. Only to see him at church when, at rare intervals, he came home for a week's shooting, was something to look forward to, to look back upon, to be thankful for. Living as such meek hearts are wont to live, in the past, she learned to accept the present with resignation, and to expect nothing from the future.

Herbert Brackenbury, in the mean while, took it as young men take disappointments—at first with quick pain, and anger, and impatience; then with a smouldering resentment; lastly, with

acquiescence tempered by a half-pleasant, half-regretful memory. Had he unreservedly spoken words of love to Mabel Langtreys, he would have held himself bound to the fullest extent of their meaning. Neither the wrath of Stephen Langtreys, nor his own father's displeasure, nor any of the hundred and one difficulties that must inevitably have sprung up in the way of the marriage, would have weighed with him for a moment where his word and his love were pledged, and his honour was at stake. But then no such words had been spoken; and Herbert Brackenbury was neither so desperately in love, nor so careless of consequences, as to embark in a suit which would surely meet with opposition from both families. So he chafed awhile; waited awhile; accepted a diplomatic appointment at Florence; and by and by married an Italian lady of noble family and great personal beauty.

Thus ended the unspoken romance of Mabel Langtreys's girlhood. Time, meanwhile, trudged on, and the sand in his glass kept running. The great lawsuit completed its first decade. Herbert Brackenbury, eight years married, was father of two sons, of the elder of whom, now seven years of age, the Grand Duke of Tuscany had stood sponsor; the younger being an infant of some two or three months old.

Mabel Langtreys, still fair though somewhat faded, accepted, at twenty-eight, the hand of a certain middle-aged, well-connected, and very worthy gentleman named Philip Savage, who, though possessed of no private fortune, held a lucrative Government appointment in Barbadoes. So Mabel Langtreys became Mrs. Philip Savage, and went with her husband to the West Indies, where, after some years of wedded life, she died, leaving an infant daughter named Winifred.

Little dreaming that he should never see his little girl's face again, Mr. Savage sent this poor baby home to England to be reared and educated. Transferred not long after, at an increased salary, from Barbadoes to Jamaica, he was swept off with hundreds of other Europeans by an epidemic fever, and Winifred was adopted for good and all by her relations at the Grange.

Still Time trudged on; and when Mr. Savage had been dead about twelve months, and the lawsuit had been dragging its slow length along for between fourteen and fifteen years, Lord Brackenbury also "went over to the majority," and was succeeded by his son Herbert, third Baron Brackenbury of Brackenbury, at this time British Ambassador at the Court of the Two Sicilies, and resident in Naples.

Now the new Lord, heartily hating the lawsuit, and willing, if possible, to be freed from the cares of a business for which he had neither time nor inclination, resolved to make an effort towards reconciliation with Stephen Langtreys. Setting aside, therefore, the formalities customary between defendant and plaintiff, he wrote to the Squire with his own hand; made friendly reference to the old time when as boys they had been playfellows, and as young men friends; and offered to compromise this unprofitable grievance by a payment of 20,000*l.*

Even Mr. Langtreys's solicitors, who desired nothing less than to see the case at an end, were fain to admit that it was a liberal offer. They went so far as to make a show of advising their client to accept it. Herein, however, they played a perfectly safe game. Long waiting and long persistence had made Stephen Langtreys only more dogged.

"For sixteen years," he said, with a big oath, "my motto has been 'All or none'—and 'all' I mean to have, though I fight for it sixteen years longer."

He did not even answer Lord Brackenbury's letter; but turned it over to Messrs. Fawcett and Clarke, to be dealt with in whatsoever fashion might seem best to them.

After this rebuff, Lord Brackenbury left matters to take their own course. A rich man himself, living abroad, and spending little more than his official income, he could afford the costly duel which impoverished his adversary more and more as each year of litigation went by.

The coal had, in truth, proved a splendid fortune to the Brackenbury family. The late Lord, after an unsuccessful attempt at working it himself, had let his mine to an Iron Company at a royalty which soon produced him an income of 12,000*l.* per annum; and the Iron Company had not only built huge premises upon the spot, but had constructed a tramway in connection with the great main-line of the neighbouring manufacturing districts; thereby bringing the ore to the coal to be smelted, and conveying it away again in the form of bars and sheet iron for sale.

Nothing galled Stephen Langtreys like the glare of those Brackenbury furnaces reddening half the sky by night, and darkening it under a canopy of smoke by day. It was as a sign hung in the heavens to remind him perpetually of his loss.

In the twenty-second year of the lawsuit, the beautiful Lady Brackenbury died of lung disease at Sorrento, to which place the family was wont to retire for *villeggiatura* every summer. The eldest son, Cuthbert, then nineteen years of age, was at Oxford; the younger, Lancelot, was at a public school in Lausanne.

Lord Brackenbury had now been more than twenty-one years in the diplomatic service; and, partly because he had married an Italian lady, partly because he was peculiarly well fitted for the work, had continued all this time to hold an Italian appointment. He was, in fact, so accomplished an Italian scholar, so conversant with the tone of Italian society, so intimately acquainted with every nuance of Italian politics, that he became identified with English diplomacy in Italy, just as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe became identified with English diplomacy in Turkey. The death of his wife, however, brought all this to an end. It had been a long exile, and of late years he had oftentimes felt how good and pleasant it would be to live once again in his own home and among his own people. Also, it was his duty to give his boys English tastes and English habits. Cuthbert, already a young man, had now been nearly four years pursuing his education in England; but Lancelot had never yet set foot in his native country.

While his wife lived—and she was always delicate—Lord Brackenbury put these considerations on one side. Left a widower, however; separated from his children; and alone with his sorrow in a strange land, Italy became intolerable to him. So he made up his mind to retire from the diplomatic service; to reside on his property; to take his seat in the Upper House; to interest himself in home politics; and to live the quiet, useful, every-day life of an English country gentleman.

Such was the end of Lord Brackenbury's diplomatic career. He solicited and obtained permission to resign; and within a few months after his great loss, came home for good and all, bringing with him his younger boy from Lausanne.

CHAPTER X.

FATHER AND SONS

It has been said that Lord Brackenbury "came home," that is to say, he came home to England—to Brackenbury Court—but not to the home of his birth; not to the Brackenbury Court of his boyhood; not to the old-fashioned mansion designed by Sir Christopher Wren, with its double flight of steps, its pilastered and pedimented *façade*, its balustraded balconies, its stone urns, and sculptured wreaths, and formal surroundings. That house used to stand at the easternmost extremity of Brackenbury Park, within a quarter of a mile of the memorable piece of waste land, the wealth of which had but lately been discovered when, as the Honourable Herbert Brackenbury, he had accepted his first diplomatic appointment. It occupied a commanding position, looking towards the distant woods

of Langtreys Manor. But when the Iron Company came to take possession in such close neighbourhood, bringing with them fire and smoke, and the clang of never-ceasing hammers, the fortunate land-lord decided to build a new house, and to give his valuable tenants as wide a berth as possible. So he fixed upon a site at the north-western boundary of his park, and there erected what is called "an elegant modern mansion," in the Italian style, with a loggia, a campanile tower, a projecting cornice, and every architectural adornment, best befitting a warm climate, and least appropriate to a bleak north country side some 1,100 feet above the level of the sea.

When this new house was completed, the old place near the colliery was pulled down; and thus it happened that the third lord came home to a home that was not the home of his boyhood.

Nor was the new Italian villa, even so, the only Brackenbury Court on the estate. Far from the waste of old foundations that marked the site of the former residence, farther still from the new one, in a now unfrequented and isolated spot upon the verge of a steep ridge facing southward, there still stood the ruins of old Brackenbury Court, the earliest, and, once upon a time, the stately of all the homes which the owners of Brackenbury had made for themselves and their descendants. It dated from the reign of Elizabeth, was enlarged and beautified by a certain Sir Anthony Brackenbury about the beginning of the reign of Charles the First; and was finally besieged, sacked, and fired in 1644 by a body of Parliamentary troops under a lieutenant of the Earl of Manchester. It must have been a beautiful old English house of the Hatfield and Haddon Hall type, when it was in its prime; and it was beautiful still, as a ruin—so beautiful that seven generations of Brackenburys had left it unmolested in the midst of a wilderness of ancient pleasures where rabbits burrowed, and birds built undisturbed, and all wild growths that climb, and trail, and cling from bough to bough, flourished in unchecked luxuriance. It stood, in the olden time, within the park boundary; but had been cut off long since by a roadway, and left to moulder in solitude. There were many who marvelled why the late lord, instead of building a new house, did not restore Old Court and carry back the park palings to their ancient limits; but neither he nor his heir would have committed so gross a vandalism. Old Court, with its fourteen acres of wilderness, stood for one of the most picturesque and precious pages in their family history. They loved every stone of it—every ivy-wreath twined about its shattered windows—every bullet-scar upon its battered walls.

So the first Brackenbury Court held its ground, a ruin in the midst of ruin; the second had its day, was condemned, pulled down, and superseded; while the third, commemorative of an unforeseen prosperity, rose like Aladdin's Palace in sudden and somewhat inappropriate splendour.

Hither, then, Herbert Lord Brackenbury returned after twenty-one years of official banishment; hither came Cuthbert Brackenbury to spend his first Oxford vacation; and here the boy Lancelot received his first impressions of English home-life. The Italian style of the house, with its terraced gardens and formal flower-beds, its clipped junipers, its fountains and casino, pleased the lads, and reminded them of the sunny land which they still spoke of as "home."

The younger, perhaps because he was the younger and the more pliant, fell in readily enough with English ways, and took enthusiastically to English sports and pastimes. Being sent to Eton, he went in for boating, cricketing, and athletic games; hated study; voted classics a bore; made numerous friends; and by the close of his first term had become as thoroughly English as any boy in the school.

The elder brother was of an altogether different type. It would perhaps be more correct to say that he partook of two very different types, the one English, the other Italian. On the English side of him, he was silent, studious, self-contained; slow to wrath; slower still to friendship; a young man of few affections, few words, few strong likings of any kind. On the Italian side, he inherited that peculiar subtlety which runs in Italian blood; a subtlety that is neither insincerity nor what we understand as reserve, but rather a kind of intellectual discretion, in itself the most un-English of characteristics. His tastes, directed and developed by a highly cultivated mother, were entirely Italian. A devoted student of the literature, poetry, and folk-lore of the land of his birth, he was almost as indifferent to classical learning as his younger brother. But there is not much sympathy with Italian literature at either Eton or Oxford, and Cuthbert Brackenbury had to pursue his favourite studies alone; so living in an attitude of mental isolation which fostered the reticence of his character. For the ordinary pleasures and amusements of school and University life, he cared not at all. He kept a horse at Oxford, but he never hunted; a boat, but he never raced. He belonged to a club, yet for months together he never entered its doors. Society, with its manifold observances, wearied and irritated him. Politics were his peculiar aversion. For music and the Fine Arts—especially the Arts of the Italian Renaissance—he had that intuitive appreciation which belongs by right of heritage to all who claim a strain of Italian blood; but there it stopped short. It was an appreciation; not a gift—not a passion. His one intellectual delight, in short, was Italian literature; his one physical recreation, boating. Not boating after the manner of Eton and Oxford; but boating as he had boated in his boyhood on the bright waters of the Bay of Naples, with a sail to set before the breeze, a book to read when drifting and dreaming with the current, and blue above and blue below, and space, and boundless liberty.

For all this, and for the mother whom, while she lived, he loved better than all the world beside, Cuthbert Brackenbury mourned in his heart and made no sign. Coming to England before he was sixteen, he had never ceased to feel that he was an alien in a strange land. When, three years later, his mother died and his home in Naples was broken up, he was still as far as ever from that degree of naturalisation which his birth and prospects demanded. Nor did this first great grief tend to loosen the old ties or knit up the new ones. It only caused him to withdraw still further into his shell. It seemed to him, indeed, that the world was emptied of beauty and grace and gentle dignity, and all the charm of womanly culture, when Lady Brackenbury left it. Thenceforth for many a year, the pleasant things of life lost their sweet savour.

Thenceforth, while duly conforming to the duties and ordinances of college life, he shut himself up more than ever in his own prejudices; and Lord Brackenbury saw with dismay that, although blessed with the most sober, the most conscientious, the most irreproachable of elder sons, yet that elder son would never be as other young men of the same age and position. That Cuthbert Brackenbury should fulfil to the letter all that his pastors and masters required of him—that he should go steadily and creditably through his examinations—that he should never contract a debt, never commit a folly, never even draw to the full amount of his allowance, was not after all of half so much account in Lord Brackenbury's eyes as that he should become a man of the world, and confer distinction upon the family name. He would have wished his heir to take an interest in politics, to go early into Parliament, to distinguish himself in the Commons until such time as it might please Providence to call him to his hereditary seat among the Lords. He felt that, for his own part, he had lived too much abroad; and he was sensitively anxious that his successor should turn out a more stay-at-home politician than himself. Personally, he could do little to influence the young man's tastes. The mother's influence had been too early at work for that, and Cuthbert Brackenbury's tastes were long since formed and matured.

Next to that mother, Mr. Brackenbury loved his brother Lancelot best of all the world, and Lancelot—from the time when he used to be carried up and down the orange walk on his brother's shoulder to the day when Cuthbert kissed him good-bye and left Naples for Eton—thought his brother the wisest, the noblest, the most god-like of the sons of men. It was Cuthbert who helped him with his lessons; who interceded for him when he got into mischief; who taught him to ride and to swim; who supplemented his pocket-money with surreptitious *scudi*; who took him out boating when the bay was smooth and the winds were asleep. It was Cuthbert who told him wondrous tales of Orlando and his sword Durindana, and of Gan the traitor, and the dolorous rout of Roncesvalles; of Paladin Astolfo, and his journey to the moon; of the siege of Jerusalem and the fatal loves of Tancréd and Clorinda; and of the weird sights seen by Dante and Virgil when they crossed the threshold of that dread portal where Hope was left behind. It was Cuthbert who taught him endless *Stornelli* and *Canti Popolari*—songs of the fishing and the vintage, and the ballad of "Cicirinnell," a sort of Neapolitan Mother Hubbard, who sold hot chestnuts on the Chiaja, and had a wonderful dog that wagged his tail in rhyme.

When Cuthbert went to Eton, he still came "home" for his vacation—to Naples at Christmas; to Castellamare at Midsummer; and by and by Lancelot, as we have seen, outgrew home-teaching, and was sent to school at Lausanne. Then, as we have also seen, Lady Brackenbury died; and Cuthbert went to Oxford; and Lancelot was transferred from Lausanne to Eton; and Lord Brackenbury gave up diplomacy, and divided his life thenceforth between Lancashire and London.

What followed has been told already. We know how, four years later, the great lawsuit, after dragging its slow length along for more than a quarter of a century, came somewhat unexpectedly to an end, and how final judgment was given in the famous case of Langtreys v. Brackenbury.

The victor had never doubted of his victory; yet it came upon him at the last like a surprise. It was a triumph not unmixed with bitterness. It stirred many a long-forgotten memory, and raised the ghost of a many a bygone hope. It reminded him that for these five or six-and-twenty years of costly strife, not one of which was of his own seeking, he had paid not only with twenty-two of self-imposed exile, but with the loss of the woman whom first he loved, and whom he still remembered with tenderness. That Mabel Langtreys's only child should be involved in her uncle's ruin, mixed yet another bitter drop with the cup of his success.

Being a tender-hearted man, he was even sorry for his ancient opponent; and though he telegraphed the good news to his sons—the one abroad, the other at college—yet, when the ringers met to celebrate his victory, he sent down in all haste to stop the bells, that he might not triumph in Stephen Langtreys's ears.

When the unfortunate Squire sickened and died, leaving his sister and niece comparatively beggared, Lord Brackenbury became more than ever tormented by remorseful pity. Despite his better reason, he felt as though he were in some sense the agent of their ruin. And then he fell to thinking whether it might not, for their sakes, be possible to repair the injustices of justice.

So, little by little, there grew up in his mind a scheme by means of which the hard lines of destiny might be softened in favour of this helpless pair.

(To be continued)



NEW RURAL CANDIDATES.—Mr. William Biddell, of Lavenham Hall, Suffolk, is a land agent, and is exceedingly popular in the county, for the western division of which he will possibly be returned without much opposition.—Mr. Lane, the tenant farmer, who recently was willing to stand for Warwickshire, has now retired in favour of Sir Eardley Wilmot.—Mr. Page Wood is a candidate for one of the Essex county divisions. He stands as a tenant farmer, but it is as a nominee of Lord Hatherley and a junior member of the Wood family that he comes before the electors, rather than as a *bona fide* agricultural candidate.—Mr. Clare Sewell Read, the farmers' "own" member, seeks re-election, but is opposed by Mr. T. R. Gurden, who, agriculturally speaking, is also a very good man. Looking at matters from a non-party point of view, it certainly is a pity that men with a practical knowledge of agriculture should oppose each other in any constituency. Such members on both sides of the House are, in numbers, all too few.—Mr. Duckham stands for Herefordshire. Although credited with a few eccentricities, he is a genuine "farmers' candidate," and would be a decided acquisition. These are about the only names of purely agricultural candidates which appear to be before the electors. This apathy is the more discouraging, because farmers are well aware that one of the first duties of the new Parliament will be to consider the recommendations of the Agricultural Commission.

WISDOM IN LIBERALITY.—The tenants of Sir George Macpherson Grant, M.P., of Ballindalloch, have received in lieu of a rent reduction the present of an amount of spring seed corn equal to 15 per cent. reduction on their rent. By this wise course Sir George Grant helps his tenants over a difficulty of outlay and expenditure, ensures farm work being expedited, and no time lost while out of seed, and also is the instrument through which the farmers get good seed all round. We should like to see this Northern landlord's conduct imitated in the South.

THE TILLY FARM HERD.—The famous cattle of the late Mr. M'Combie will not now be sold by auction before the autumn.

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.—Two Exhibitions are at hand. The one at Castle Eden is a stallion show fixed for the 23rd March. The other and more important at Dublin is a general show, and is fixed for Easter Monday, the 30th March.

LONDON NATURAL HISTORY.—The schoolmaster is terribly abroad in these days. People insist on instructing us. The daily newspapers force their contents on us in gratuitous placards; while the racing periodicals announce, without charge, the results of the Derby or the latest news of the competition at the Agricultural Hall. Recently, this burning desire to instruct and inform has taken possession of papers more or less devoted to Natural History, so that now, between two shops and two newspaper offices in Fleet Street and the Strand, may be seen the skull of a bison, a one-legged goat standing on its tail, a variety of bait caterpillars for fishermen, a brown rook, a model salmon, several trout of imposing dimensions "from the river Cray," a case of tropical butterflies, several live moths of *Ailanthus* and *Saturnia carpi*, and a number of chrysalids awaiting resurrection for the lengthening days. All this at the expense of a ten minutes' walk—not by country hedge-rows, but in the busiest of London thoroughfares.

A WOODEN-LEGGED PHEASANT.—Mr. Frank Backland tells a rather good story of the bird which Mr. Borsford Hope regards as a kind of poultry from Persia. A friend of Mr. Backland's, when taking his holiday in the country last summer, found an unfortunate pheasant caught by one leg in a trap. The bones were completely smashed and the leg bleeding. Being a surgeon by profession and fond of operating, he sat down quietly, and taking out his case of pocket instrument, amputated the leg of the

He then cut from a light piece of wood an artificial pheasant. This he fastened on to the stump of leg to match the sound one. This he fastened on to the stump of leg to match the sound one. In the course of the week this bird was shot, and a paragraph went the round of the country papers of a most extraordinary case of a pheasant being shot and having a wooden leg.

BIRDS.—A white-headed goldfinch was netted at Norwich on the 25th of February last.—A fine harpy eagle has been recently killed to the Zoological Gardens.—The wildfowl season this year has been a very good one in the Eastern counties.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT is now slightly advancing, being 44s. 8d. against 43s. in February, but the increase is not enough to affect the price of bread.

"ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE" is now the name, by Her Majesty's command, of the old establishment at Cirencester. Possibly the formation of a new "Agricultural College" in Somerset by the late Professors at Cirencester may have had something to do with making the "Royal."

THE LAMMING SEASON is favourable through the dry and temperate weather. March is tempered to the unshorn lamb.

LANDLORDS' MUNIFICENCE continues to be shown to tenants in liberal remissions of rent.

AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL an exhibition is promised this summer of model farm and other buildings.

Punch, our "facetious contemporary," gave us last week a "Rural Note," which our countrymen cannot endorse. "Farmers could live in 1839," said *Punch*, "on prices of grain only about half those current." The figures quoted were simply erroneous, wheat in 1839 being higher than in 1879.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Implement entries for the Carlisle Show close April 1. As at Kilburn last year the "Royal Show" prompted the erection of a new railway station, so this year Carlisle is to have a new Citadel Station.

EMIGRATION OF FARMERS this year is being organised on a large scale in most English and Scotch counties. Reliable information "where to go" is now obtainable through authorised channels.



"HER DIGNITY AND GRACE," by "H. C." (Chapman and Hall).—The plot of this book is somewhat complex, and in endeavouring to dovelail the family history of an extinct noble house into the everyday life of a country squire's belongings, "H. C." has set herself a somewhat difficult task. She has, however, succeeded in producing a very readable work, by no means deficient in incident, and full of interest. The attempts to mystify the reader as to the real slayer of the poacher, "Will Stokes," are somewhat clumsily executed, for it is evident from the first who the real culprit is. With this exception, the book lays claim, not to striking originality, but to careful workmanship and to delicate handling—the style of writing is at once forcible and elegant—the diction being more than usually pleasing; in fact, "Her Dignity and Grace" reminds one of the old-fashioned novels of the Richardsonian period, but without their coarseness. We presume "H. C." is a novice, and as such we welcome her into the field of literature, and prognosticate for her a successful future.

"Mademoiselle de Mersac," by W. E. Norris (Smith, Elder, and Co.), which first appeared in the pages of the *Cornhill* in the guise of a serial, attracted, and very justly so, a great deal of attention. The heroine, the daughter of a noble French family, is a touchingly drawn woman, who by sheer force of character, as much as by the tenderness of her ways, draws towards her all who are thrown in contact with her. Saint Luc, her French, and Mr. Barrington, her English admirer, are both men of whom any author may be proud. The closing chapters are very mournful, for Mr. Norris has foregone the novelist's privilege to close the curtains round the bridal bed; but has, in apparent jealousy of his charming French heroine, drawn a pall over her coffin. Life in Algiers is described as faithfully as life in Bloomsbury; in fact, the book is admirably written throughout, and is worthy the reputation of the high-class magazine in which it first appeared. Many will regret that the illustrations which graced the *Cornhill* have not been reproduced in the three-volume novel, but all will rejoice that "Mademoiselle de Mersac" lives in a more permanent form than in the fleeting pages of a shilling periodical. It is a book well worth reading.

Mr. Dowling writes powerfully and well, aiming at producing sensationalism of the highest type, yet steering clear of the unhealthy sensualism which mars the success of so many modern novels. "The Weird Sisters" (Tinsley Brothers) is an intensely interesting work; little by little the author introduces us to the crimes perpetrated by the genial banker, the popular hero of a country town; fraud succeeded by murder, murder by suicide, and each incident told with real dramatic power furnishes material enough on which to work. Though we cannot commend the book as one to be placed in the hands of any except thorough-paced novel vampires, yet we must candidly confess that "The Weird Sisters" is a fascinating work, but scarcely one to be read by nervously-disposed people at the dead of night. Wat Grey is a gruesome character, but Mr. Dowling deserves every credit for inventing a hero in whom, despite the enormity of his offence, it is impossible to avoid feeling an interest. "The Weird Sisters" will take a high place in the ranks of the year's sensational novels.

The author of "Rachel's Secret" has achieved a striking success in a new work called "A Sylvan Queen" (Hurst and Blackett). To attempt to review such a novel thoroughly and impartially would require far more space than we can afford, whilst to enter on a short record of its principal points of attraction would be a most difficult task, and one scarcely likely to result in fairness to the author. The language in which the tale is told is graceful and refined. The plot, though simple, is worked out with much thoughtful care, and the characters are vividly, yet tenderly, drawn. Marjory is a most charming woman, and Madge, though guilty of the unpardonable crime of loving not wisely but too well, is a lovable specimen of English girlhood. We can conscientiously say that "A Sylvan Queen" is one of the best novels we have read this year.

Mr. Peard Jillard is, we imagine, a notice in the literary world, not only is the name unknown to fame, but "A Fearful Adversary" (S. Tinsley and Co.), bears unmistakable proofs of being the work of a prentice hand. There is much in it to interest, and though it would be absurd to predict a great future for its author, we can emphatically say that he possesses many qualifications for becoming a successful novelist. The book is sure to find many admirers, and even its detractors will find it hard to point out anything objectionable in it. Its tone is sound and healthy, and the majority of the female characters, notably Vera Webley and Mrs. Everton, are admirable creations.

Mrs. Lovett Cameron writes forcibly, and her novels are always well worth reading. "Poor Wisdom's Chance" (Tinsley Brothers) is no exception to the rule. It is a powerfully written work, full of thrilling interest from first to last, but we can scarcely realise that such abominable women as Helen Romer exist in society. The aim at sensationalism destroys much of the value, though perhaps it increases the weirdness of the book, which we think would have been more generally pleasing had the sad ending of Vera Nevill in

Shadonake Bath been eliminated. Although scarcely such a prolific author Mrs. Lovett Cameron promises to be a formidable rival to Miss Braddon on her own ground of sensational writing.

A YELLOW PRIMROSE

WITH the last days of February and the early ones of March, when south-west winds and dashes of rain mingled with gleams of sunshine take the place of a long spell of winter weather, the hedge-rows bursting out into tiny green buds and the earth seeming to wake from a trance, there come some of the commonest yet the loveliest flowers that have been always interwoven with the recollections of us all, save indeed those whom Peter Bell represents. It is the primrose time. And the yellow flowers with their soft broad green leaves are the accompaniments of many a scene in the pure country life which speaks with a mysterious sense of joy to the heart of the time of waking again of Nature ever travelling her unbroken cycle.

To reach the copse where the first primroses are opening at the foot of the trees which are all bursting into fresh youth, we cross the fields and see many things full of interest unless we be as the unobservant one in "Eyes and No Eyes." Right and left of the footpath the ploughs are at work. How easy it looks to do, yet how difficult for the unskilled. That silent man plodding always between the plough-handles, silent save when he shouts some curt direction in broad Doric to the boy with the horses, cuts an even furrow with no seeming effort, yet the practice which he has had to make him perfect is that of a life-time. Ploughing, sowing, harrowing, reaping, thatching, hedge-cutting (in itself an art), and the care of the stock have been his only work from his laborious boyhood—work done in all weathers, with all the varied sights and sounds of the woods and fields round him year after year, as much isolated from the turmoil of conventional life as if he were on some Pacific Island, and only hearing dim half-understood echoes of the topics of great cities of late years at the meetings of his branch of the "Union" on the village green. Small blame to him if the practical hard work and the problem how to feed a large family on something like sufficient nourishment render him unobservant of the thousand charms of the scenes around him. Crossing a stile which divides a long close-cropped hedge, which a little later will be the chosen home of the hedge-sparrow and the blackbird who have settled the site of their nests where the holly-bushes supplement the black-thorn, we enter a field where the next stage of work is going on. Spring wheat is being sown, and the farmer himself is looking over the work. Beyond this lies a piece of ground where the crop is to be beans—one of the best covers left in these high farming days wherein to find a covey on a hot September day, and here the same operation is going on; while coming down the lane from the home-stead, the horses' bells jingling musically, comes the great waggon loaded with corn for the market, and not to return empty but filled with compost or guano which are to produce crops heavy and plentiful. Few things are more productive of varied reflections than the history of the wonderful guano brought from the far Chincha Islands to fertilise our Saxon fields, and teach the farmer to copy the example of those mysterious peoples of Peru who long before the Spaniards brought them the various blessings of Castilian domination had made the barren parts of their shores blossom into richness by this gift of the wild sea birds accumulated through countless centuries.

But we arrive at the edge of the copse, and enter it through the bars, taking care to replace them again else the cattle will play destruction with the young larches now in their vigorous baby-hood. And now the practical thoughts of farming vanish, and we are in a realm of natural poetry. All along the side of the copse and at the foot of the oaks and ashes gleam the amber blossoms cushioned in their fresh green leaves. Through the copse ring the notes of thrush and blackbird, and in the distance we hear the ceaseless cawing of the rooks round the elms which front the farmhouse. The sounds of farm work and the clink of plough-harness come faintly on our ears. The eyes have their full employment, contrasting the emerald and gold masses which stretch far along the wood with the wealth of bud and tiny leaf just appearing on tree and hedge. The rabbits, as if knowing we are gunless, dart hither and thither from under the piled squares of underwood ready for the hurdle maker. The sun alternately glints on the tree trunks and vanishes behind the light clouds, and as the south-west breeze rushes through the wood, making the primroses bend all in one direction, they seem to do homage to the spring. We gather them by dozens, and take up some of the backward plants carefully to see whether care and nurture can make them thrive in a dingy London garden. But what a flood of memories going back to childhood do the fair yellow blossoms evoke—more potent than all the roses that ever glorified a show! What thoughts that "lie too deep for tears" of the kind hands now for ever cold which loved to gather them, and the eyes now closed for all time that joyed to look on them more than all the flowers of spring. Only yellow primroses, but in themselves, as the sunshine plays on them and the soft murmuring wind passes over them, and they fitly typify the full glory of the spring-time—powerful to awaken

those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day.

W. F. R.



MR. VILLIERS STUART modestly compares himself to the Chinaman sifting the dross left as worthless by careless Australian diggers. We think, on the contrary, that he has in "Nile Gleanings concerning the Ethnology, History, and Art of Ancient Egypt, as Revealed by Paintings and Bas-Reliefs" (Murray), opened up new and very productive diggings of his own. He has gone over much fresh ground, has discovered a hitherto unknown and important tomb, and has sketched for the first time the oldest tombs in the world, those bearing the cartouche of Seneosrou at Meidum. The Meidum pyramid was never finished, and therefore rises, like that at Sakkarah, in a succession of steps, the inner core being covered only half-way up, and the whole looking like the fancy portraits of the Tower of Babel. Most travellers are content with what they can see of this vast pyramid from the river; Mr. Stuart rode up to it (you can no more climb it than you can an obelisk) and then, to his dragoman's disgust, pushed on to the very interesting tombs above-mentioned. The peculiarity here is that wall-figures and hieroglyphics are in mosaic, deep cells being cut into the limestone (with flint flakes, of which there are hundreds lying about), and filled in with coloured cement so hard that it cannot be got out without a chisel. The date is at least 1,100 years before the birth of Abraham (Mariette Bey and others place it far earlier); and, though the mosaics are rudely done, the wonderfully clever statues of Prince Ra-Hotep and Princess Nofre, found in one of these tombs and now in the Boulak Museum, almost justify Mr. Wallace's remark that some branches of Egyptian art seem to have sprung into life almost full grown. Very remarkable is the thoroughly European cast of the features; "the prince if dressed as we dress might be met in London without

incurring any remark; the lady, if fashionably attired, would only attract attention as being remarkably good-looking." The further we go back the more European are the faces; in those of the nineteenth dynasty there is a decidedly Semitic look, but neither this nor the Nubian cast of countenance appears before the eighteenth. The knowledge of the arts shown in these very ancient statues is marvellous. The eyes are of rock crystal, fitted into crystalline quartz, and that again into a setting of copper; and, despite the stubborn material, the artist has managed to make their expression wonderfully soft and natural. Mr. Stuart argues that the Egyptians are of the same stock as the Pelasgi of Greece and Italy; i.e., that they were Aryans. He believes, however, that they landed in byssinia, and worked their way northward. The use of the elephant, giraffe, and dog-headed ape as hieroglyphs seems to show a southern origin. Mr. Stuart's book is far the best practical guide not only to the less known antiquities but to many of those often described already. Nor is he unmindful of modern Egypt and its inhabitants. We would fain hope that what he says about the lazy ignorance of the worthless highly-paid dragomen may work some reform in that most unsatisfactory body. They give far more trouble to crew and waiters than their masters do, and think it a personal grievance if you want to see anything beyond the barest routine.

The Asian mystery itself is scarcely more of a puzzle than Lord Beaconsfield has been to those who have undertaken to explain him. Why he is what he is and where he is, are questions to which answers of all kinds have been given; and now a well-known German, Georg Brandes, after long "study of the statesman, Lord Beaconsfield, through the novelist, Benjamin Disraeli," has constructed his man after the "literary-critical method," some of the constructions of which are as unlike the reality as Frankenstein's monster was unlike a human creature. Nevertheless, in "Lord Beaconsfield: a Study" (R. Bentley) Herr Brandes (well translated by Mrs. G. Sturge) has given us an exceedingly interesting book. We may hold that our Premier keeps his secret to himself, and yet we can be grateful for a competent analysis of his writings, and for a valuable sketch of his early life. Besides the fact that Herr Brandes is a foreigner adds value to his work. As he says, he is perfectly unbiassed, and of course his standpoint is different from that of any Englishman. It is no news that the social atmosphere breathed by the boy Disraeli helped to make the man what he is. We quite believe (with Herr Brandes) "that 'Vivian Grey' and 'Contarini Fleming' contain unmistakable autobiographical elements;" but we hesitate to believe the author of "The Young Duke" in earnest when he says "Let me die eating ortolans to the sound of soft music," just as we think Lothair's "ropes of pearls such as a Queen of Cyprus might wear" are a figure of speech. Disraeli's weak point, according to Herr Brandes, is his contempt for science, and, above all, for utilitarianism. "Mormon," says Coningsby, "counts more votaries than Bentham;" and in "Papanilla" an utilitarian philosopher proposes to level the Andes on the ground that such monstrosities are useless, and therefore neither sublime nor beautiful. Herr Brandes concludes, from such "chaff" as this, into which, German-like, he is wholly unable to enter, and from the pride with which Disraeli says there were Jews among the first Jesuits, as well as from his presumed admiration for the mystical doctrines, magical means, and practical ends of the Roman Catholic Church, that "what he by nature and involuntarily respects is the catchword which electrifies the unreasoning masses." In one thing Herr Brandes sets us a pattern—he has read and studied Lord Beaconsfield's writings, just as his countrymen read and study Shakespeare; and were his book otherwise worthless it would be useful as an introduction to works which even those who read them years ago have almost as wholly forgotten as they have the young Disraeli who, in strangely-cut velvet coat, lined with white silk, gold-embroidered waistcoat, pumps on his feet, rings and ruffles, and an armour of gold chains on his breast, once glittered in London society. We naturally turn to see what Herr Brandes says of the Berlin Congress; he saw Lord Beaconsfield there and noted his pale and haggard face, and admired "his genuine sympathy with the oppressed race to which he was never ashamed to belong, and whose rights he compelled Roumania to acknowledge." Of "Peace with Honour" he says: "Without firing a shot, or shedding a drop of English blood, by the energy he displayed, and by adroitly taking advantage of circumstances, he gained greater advantages for England than his Whig predecessors had gained by the long and bloody Crimean War. And even if, by this time, the glory of the treaty has faded because its mistakes and shortcomings have been found out, still, to form an estimate of his services, one has only to remember the amazement of Europe on hearing of English preparations, of Indian troops at Malta, of a new spirit which showed England had awakened from her death-like slumber."

Of the better side of American society, underlying all the knavery, jobbery, immorality, and hard selfishness of New York, just as there is real family life underlying the Paris world as described by French novelists, we are pleasantly reminded by "Studies in the Church, being Letters to an Old-Fashioned Layman," by the Right Rev. H. C. Lay, Bishop of Easton (Wells Gardner, London). Trinity Church, Broadway, may, as Mr. Day tells us, not be the only one which has been turned into a store, but there must be a mass of solid Christianity in a community which can appreciate such a book as this. Bishop Lay writes, not for those who delight in abstract discussion, but for plain, clear-headed people who are willing to be instructed, "provided they can see that the lesson belongs to the practical uses of life." Starting from its very quietness and seeming triteness is the letter on "Common Sense in Religion." We need constantly to be reminded that "the Bible does not satisfy all the demands of curiosity." In discussing "the rule of Faith," Bishop Lay insists that the Church addresses our intelligence, and nowhere by a single word discourages the most thorough inquiry or authorises the servile formula: "The Church says so and so, therefore I must believe it without proof or explanation." The letter on "The Real Presence" expresses, we take it, the feeling of most American Churchmen. This seems to us remarkably well put:—"God visits the sins of the fathers on the children, and yet, by an interposition of mercy, He restrains and limits the heritage of sorrow. He obviates somehow the worst consequences which would follow on the sin. He makes up, as it were, to the children whose heritage was cast away by an ancestor, not all that was lost, but so much as may save them from the most ruinous consequences of the forefather's act. Herein we see the difference between the rule of duty and the rule of judgment. We are bound to obey the law, but the judge regards equity as well as law." The book has been for eight years well known in America, and only needs to be known in order to be highly valued by English Churchmen.

A "Popular Paper Knife," the invention of Mr. R. B. Marston, of the well-known firm of Sampson Low and Co., has just been issued by Messrs. Charles Reynolds and Co., Milk Street, Cheapside. It is made of white wood, highly polished, and bears on each side a quantity of useful information respecting home and foreign postal rates, Post Office orders, telegrams, &c., while it is graduated at one edge as a measure of eight inches, the opposite edge showing the corresponding length in French centimetres. The price is one shilling.

Unpretending, concise, yet embracing a wide variety of matters appertaining to the household in general, and the kitchen in particular, Mrs. Frederick's "Hints to Housewives" (Macmillan) is a very admirable little volume. It is addressed chiefly to that wide class of housekeepers who, though not poor, are obliged to study economy, and its many wise hints will be found extremely useful.



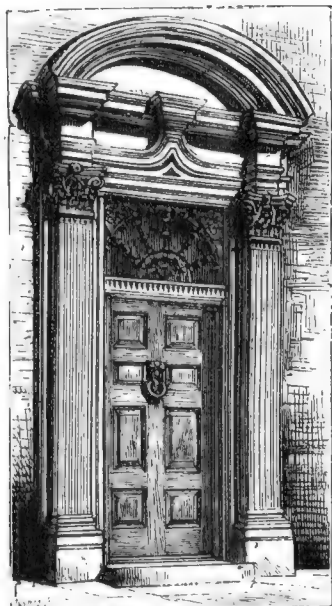
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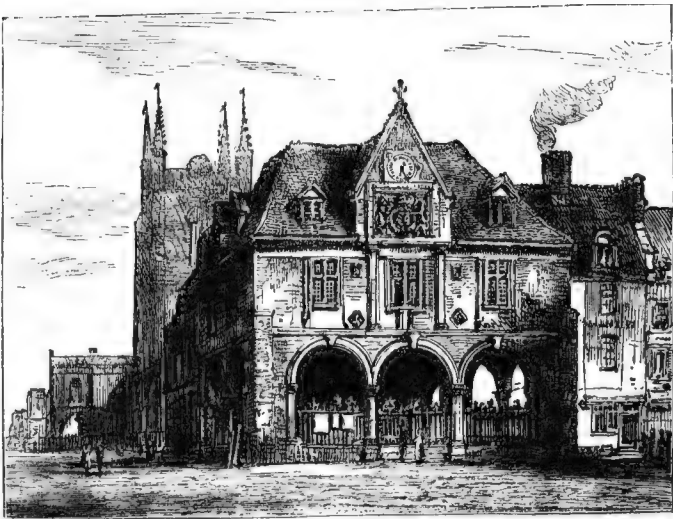
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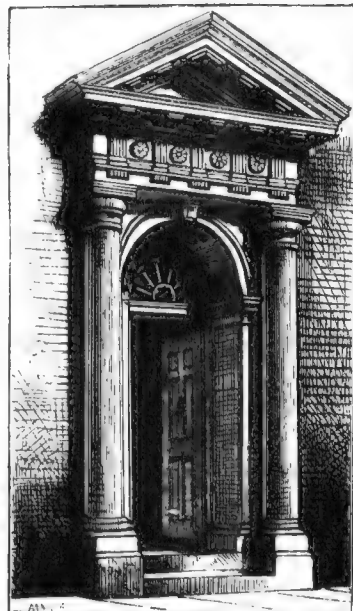
DOORWAY IN CECIL STREET, STRAND



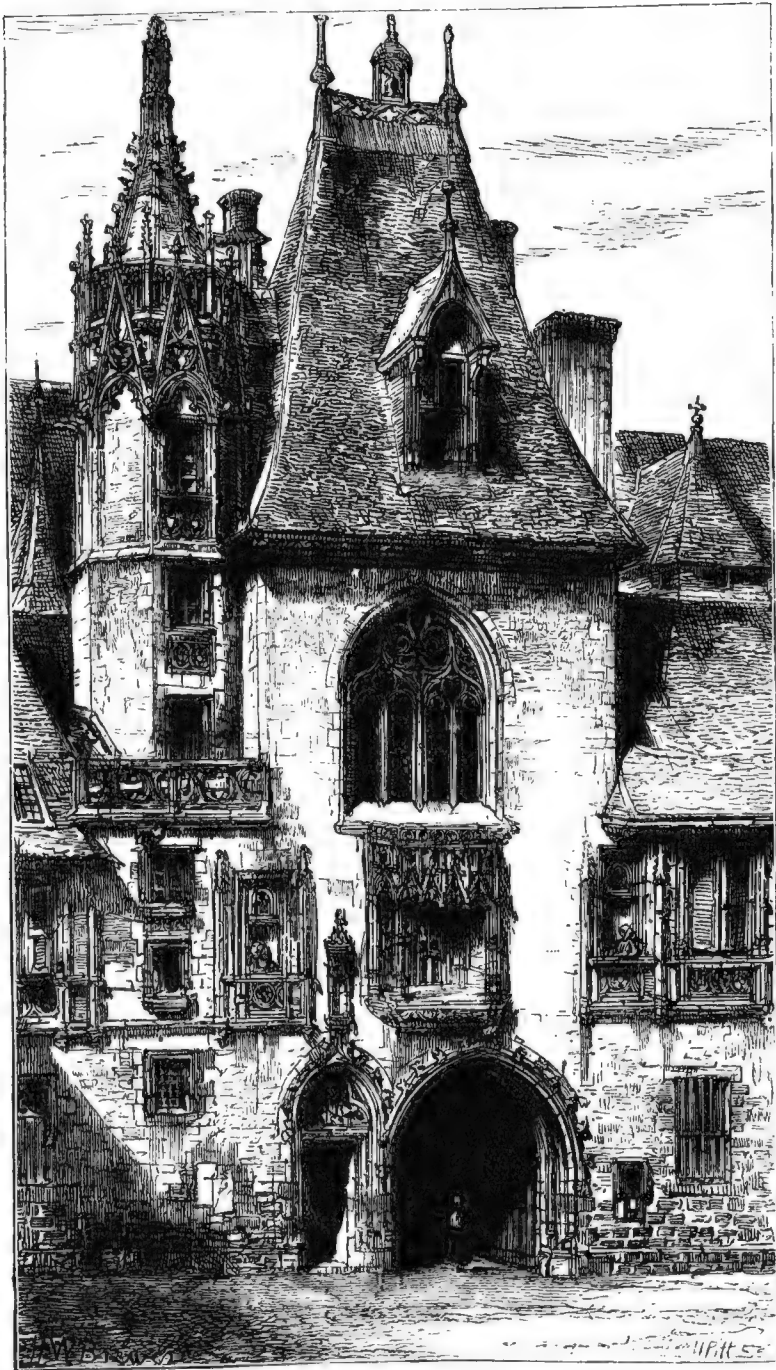
MARKET CROSS, PETERBOROUGH



HOUSE AT WÜRZBURG



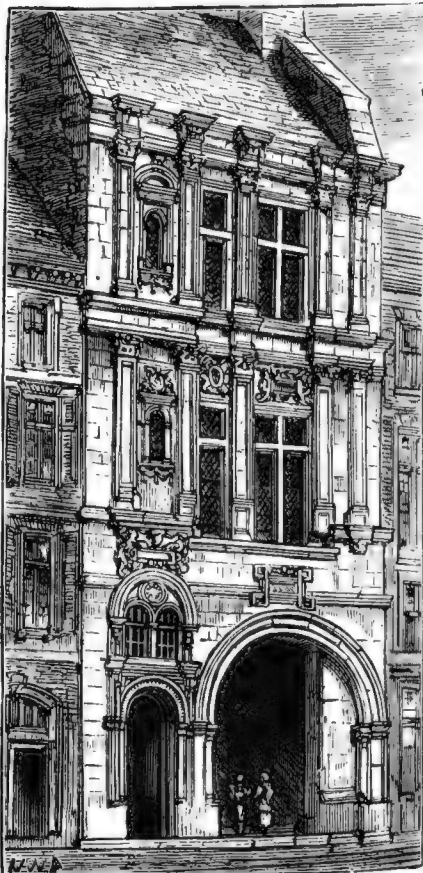
DOORWAY IN CECIL STREET, STRAND



HOUSE OF JACQUES CŒUR AT BOURGES



ST. CATHARINE'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

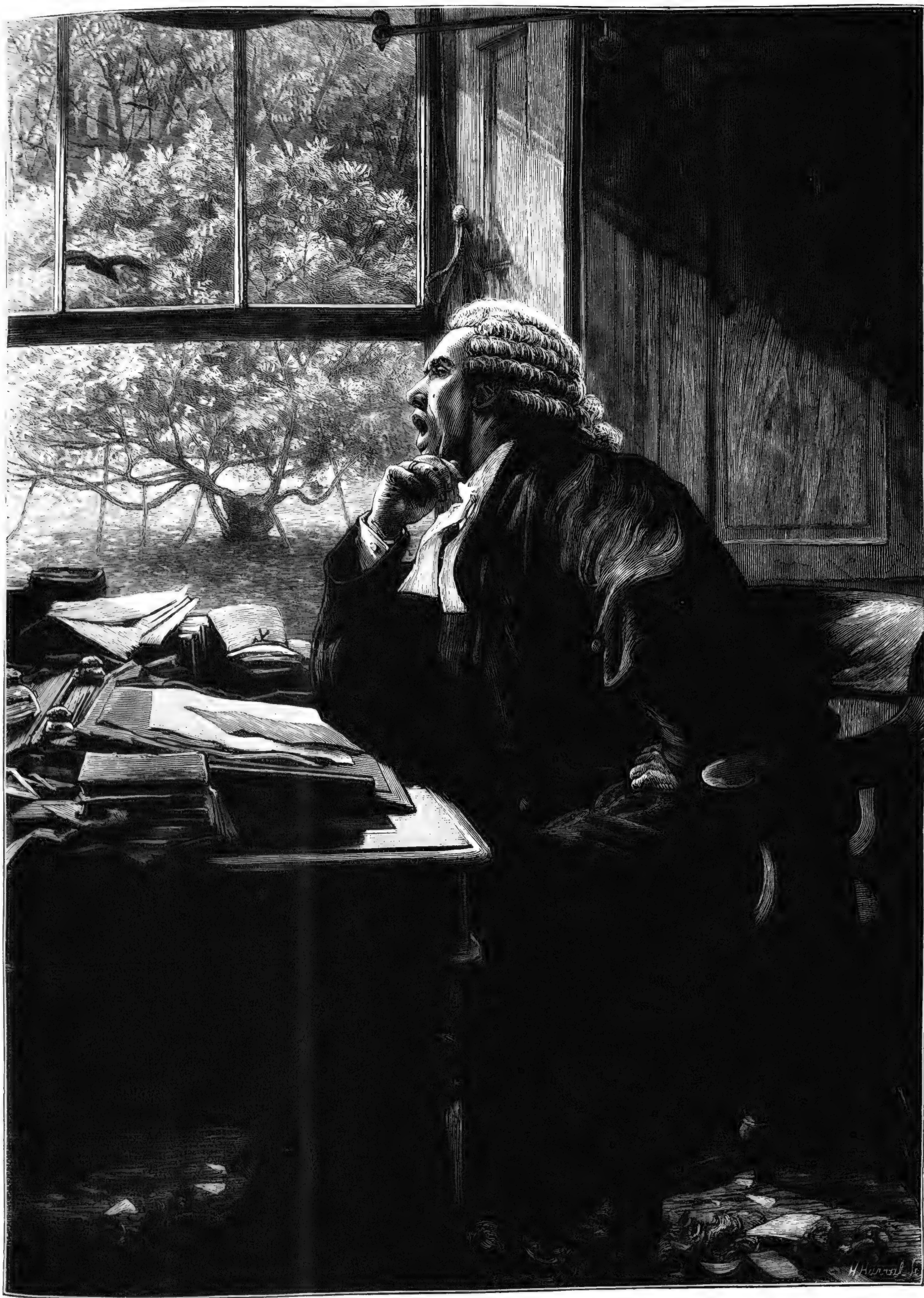


HOUSE WITH SHOP AT ORLEANS



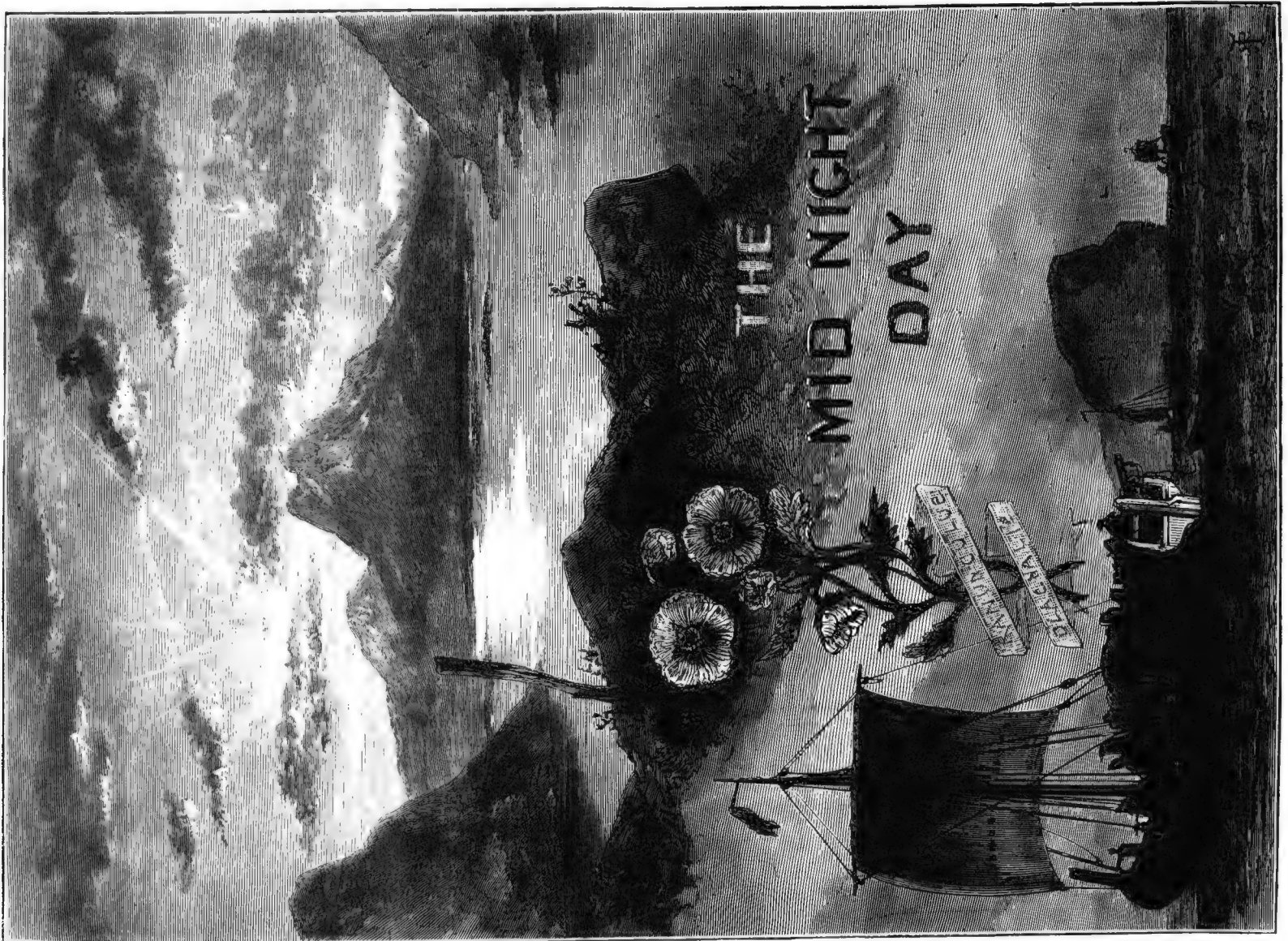
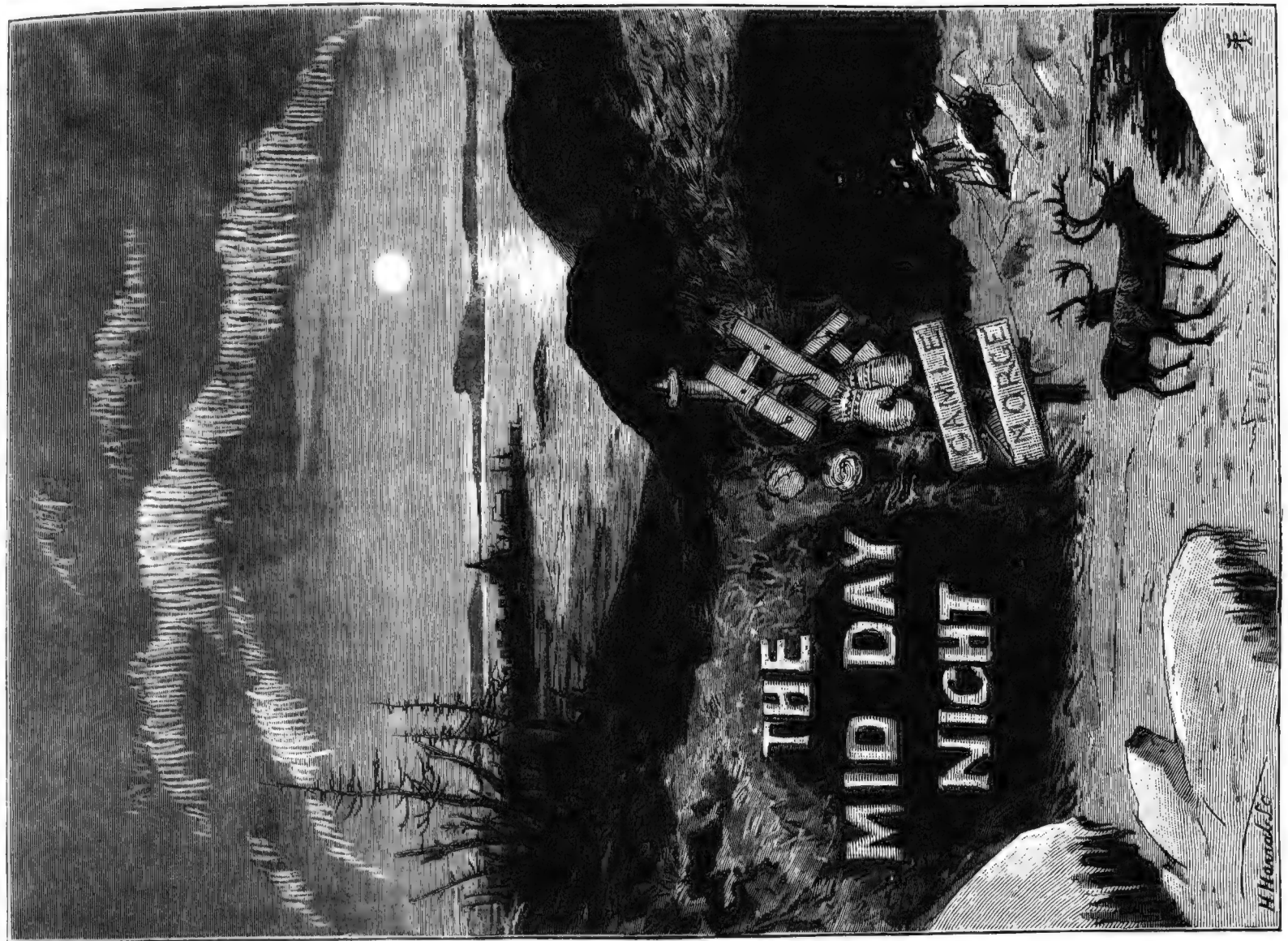
"GAY HOPE IS THEIRS BY FANCY FED,"

A LONDON GARDEN FF



"LESS PLEASING WHEN POSSEST."

TWO POINTS OF VIEW



UNDER THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

THE GENERAL ELECTION: PARTY ADDRESSES

THE flood of rhetoric, declamation, and invective let loose over the country by the announcement of the Dissolution of Parliament is now in its full tide, and political controversy is the order of the day. Amongst the earliest of the party manifestoes issued since those to which we briefly alluded last week were the addresses of Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Gladstone. The First Lord of the Admiralty asks his constituents whether the policy which in Europe, Asia, and Africa has been one and the same—the discharge of our duties and obligations, and the assertion of our rights and interests, is now to be reversed, and England is to retire to a position of abstention and indifference? Coming to home affairs, he declares himself distinctly opposed to granting a separate Parliament to Ireland, and remarks that it will be the duty of the new Parliament to give serious attention to those questions of domestic legislation which have been postponed by persistent discussions on the policy of the Government and by obstruction.

The ex-Premier's address to the electors of Midlothian is a brief, closely-written document, in which, as the *Daily News* says, "Nearly every word is a blow well aimed and delivered home." Remarking on Lord Beaconsfield's "dark allusions to the repeal of the Union and the abandonment of the Colonies," Mr. Gladstone declares that those who endangered the Union with Ireland were the party that maintained there an alien Church, an unjust land law, and inferior franchises to our own. As to the Colonies, the Liberals, being the authors of those measures which have bound them in affection to the Empire, can afford to smile at baseless insinuations, whose purpose is to hide from view the acts of the present Ministry and their effect upon the character and condition of the country. Abroad they have strained, if not endangered, the prerogative by gross misuse, weakened the Empire by needless wars, unprofitable extensions, and unwise engagements, and dishonoured it in the eyes of Europe by filching the island of Cyprus from the Porte, under a clandestine treaty in violation of the Treaty of Paris; whilst at home they have neglected legislation; aggravated the public distress by continued shocks to confidence; augmented the public expenditure and taxation for unnecessary and even mischievous purposes, and plunged the finances, which were handed over to them in a state of singular prosperity, into a series of unexampled deficits, a portion of which only they propose to meet, partly by a new tax on personal property, and partly by the sacrifice of the whole of the Sinking Fund to which, five years ago, we were taught to look for the systematic reduction of the National Debt. He proceeds to point out that the Premier's election address is a perfect blank as regards domestic legislation of the future, and bids the electors judge of our boasted ascendancy in the Councils of Europe by what has recently occurred in Turkey, where a Minister whose dismissal we had demanded has not only been retained in office, but selected for special honours. Finally, he tells the constituencies that if they are well pleased with what has been done for the past six years they have but to return again a similar majority which will do its best to secure them the like for six years more.—Lord Dalkeith, whose seat for Midlothian has been challenged by Mr. Gladstone, has issued an address promising general support to the party now in power, and in reference to Mr. Gladstone's promise that the Church of Scotland shall have a "fair trial" before it is disestablished, he reminds his constituents that only three years elapsed between the time when his "eminent opponent" declared the question of the Irish Church to be "outside the practical politics of the day" and his scheme for its destruction.

The Home Secretary, in his address to his Lancashire constituents, says that the manner in which the Government have faced unexampled difficulties in foreign affairs has been sanctioned by overwhelming majorities in Parliament and by the general approval of the country. Such difficulties could not be met without considerable expenditure, which, however, he thinks has gone far to prevent war in Europe; and he also thinks that in times of extraordinary commercial depression it would have been unwise to provide fully in each year for expenditure so exceptional, and so to have delayed by increased taxation that revival of trade which has happily begun.

Mr. Lowe, who again offers himself for the representation of the London University, says that the Tories have fairly worn out their old principles. Almost all the exclusions and invidious inequalities in which their soul delighted are gone. The proscription of Nonconformists, Catholics, and Jews; rotten boroughs, close corporations, laws for creating artificial famine, and the Irish Church, are no more. In the reduction of the franchise, the Tories overdid the Liberals. Their vocation, as Tories, is gone. Nothing remains for them but the attempt which they are now making to gain for themselves a new position by stimulating the vanity of the people to incessant interference and rivalry with the other Powers of Europe, from which nothing can be gained, and by which almost anything may be lost.

Mr. Childers, addressing the electors of Pontefract, says that the permanence of our rule in India will be best secured by just administration, and our connection with the Colonies more surely preserved by the fullest measures of self-government than by fanciful schemes of fixed or representative union with the mother country. He is firmly opposed to any relaxation of the Parliamentary union with Ireland, but thinks that much remains to be done for her. He has been unable to support the tortuous foreign policy of the Government; and he cannot forget that former Parliaments have inherited from their predecessors onerous and unwelcome responsibilities, without loss of honour and consistency.

Lord Sandon, the President of the Board of Trade, in his address to the Liverpool electors, congratulates them on the result of the great historical contest in which they were recently engaged, and says that it is now for the country to determine whether the maintenance of the unity and safety of the Empire can be wisely confided to the discordant and dubious leaders of the Liberal party.

Mr. Grant Duff, addressing the electors of the Elgin Burghs, says that with Gladstone leading in the north and Hartington on the south of the Border, it will be strange indeed if the Liberals are not led to victory. The crisis is beyond all comparison the gravest with which the existing generation has had to deal. If our liberties are to be preserved unimpaired, if financial prosperity is to be brought back, if our position among the nations is not to be lowered, if the integrity of the Empire is to be maintained, there must be an end to the mingled rashness, feebleness, and levity which have guided our destinies for the last six years.

The addresses of Lord John Manners and Sir W. Harcourt appeared on Tuesday. The Postmaster-General thinks that no foreign country would believe us to be in earnest if our military and naval strength were not kept up, but he maintains that all proper economy has been studied, and that the Ministry have done much to promote the well being of the people.—Sir William Harcourt holds of course quite a contrary opinion. He thinks that "six years have been wasted out of the life of the nation," and asks where are the measures by which this Parliament will be remembered? What defective institutions has it reformed? What patent evils removed? What notorious wrongs remedied? What old abuses abolished? He says that the attempt to fix upon the Liberals complicity with the scheme for the dissolution of the Union has recoiled upon its authors, it having been proved to demonstration that the Home Rule project had its origin in the Tory party, and he calls upon the electors to dismiss with disdain the unworthy imputations that are scattered abroad to disguise the flagrant miscarriage of the foreign policy of the Government.

Mr. Goschen, who leaves the City of London to woo the electors of Ripon, repudiates with indignation the Premier's insinuation that the Liberals are indifferent to the greatness and integrity of the Empire. He adheres unflinchingly to the declaration which he made in the earliest days of the Home Rule movement that he would not loosen by one turn of the windlass the bonds which bind the Empire together. He accuses the Government of having thrown the influence and example of England on the side of militarism instead of constitutionalism, and of having, by secret agreements and annexations, impaired her reputation as the most clean-handed member of the European family.

The Farmers' Alliance have issued a circular to the tenant farmers of the United Kingdom, reminding them that very few of the sitting county members have proved themselves worthy of their confidence, and that the result of the impending elections, which will to a great extent depend on their votes, will decide the question whether their interests are to be attended to or neglected, probably for some years to come.

Sir George Bowyer, in a letter to *The Times*, states that he has respectfully informed the electors of Wexford that he does not ask them to re-elect him; his reason being that he cannot honestly stand again as Home Rule has been rendered absolutely impossible; and he cannot consent to delude his constituents and the people of Ireland by encouraging hopes or expectations which never can be realised, Home Rule having been made so odious to the people of Great Britain that no statesman can touch it.

Two manifestoes have been issued by the Home Rule Confederation. In the first, addressed to the Irish people in Great Britain, they say that in the presence of the atrocious and criminal manœuvre which has now been attempted it is more than ever imperative for every Irishman who seeks and appreciates the friendship of honest Englishmen and Scotchmen to oppose Benjamin Disraeli as the mortal enemy of their country and their race, the common enemy of the peace and concord of Ireland and Great Britain, whose vicious manifesto directly appeals to the worst passions and prejudices in order to stir up the English people against Irish nationality. In the second document addressed to the trade societies and working classes of England and Scotland, they declare that Lord Beaconsfield's plot to sow dissension between English and Irish workmen, members of the same working class who have to bear in common the evils of class government and monopoly, is a crime against public decency itself. They declare that "evil landlords and evil land laws" are responsible for the permanent misery and habitual evictions that from time to time drive off large masses of the Irish agricultural population to be emigrants to the United States, or to be competitors in the English and Scotch labour markets, and that an anti-Irish policy is an anti-English policy as well.

A characteristic manifesto has also been issued by the Irish National Land League, who declare that from a Government controlled by a Beaconsfield, and a Chief Secretaryship filled by a Lowther, the farmers of Ireland can expect nothing better for their country than a policy of audacious assertion joined to an administration of criminal neglect, seasoned with insulting flippancy. They tell the Irish electors that to vote for a landlord candidate will be voting for rack-rents, evictions, workhouses, and extermination, while to vote for a peasant proprietary will be voting for free land, happy homes, and a prosperous Ireland.

HOUSE ARCHITECTURE *

THOUGH they have been in preparation for ten years, Mr. Stevenson's interesting and instructive volumes are none the less acceptable at the present moment, when there are signs of a decided increase of public interest in things architectural, and when, therefore, what can be done should be done towards directing popular taste into a fitting channel. The book is written for the unlearned; and though, as the author frequently points out, everybody claims to possess a knowledge of a subject than which there is at present perhaps none more complicated, and more difficult of clear comprehension, to many people a great deal in it will come in the light of a revelation. The author begins with a discussion of the question, "What constitutes good architecture?" Good architecture he affirms to consist of beauty, delicacy, proportion, symmetry, harmony, contrast, and ornament; which attributes are each carefully explained and defined. The keynote of much that the author has to say is struck in his definition of harmony, which, he says, consists rather in identity of feeling than of form or style.

Then follows an interesting inquiry into the conditions necessary for the production of good architecture. Mr. Stevenson says that "nowadays, except in rare and special instances, our buildings are bad and inartistic;" and though modern architects will doubtless feel a little hurt at the statement, we cannot help thinking that in the main it is true. The cause of this prevailing badness is to be found, firstly, in the dreadful confusion into which we have fallen with regard to style—so that, save in rare instances, no particular mode is thoroughly understood either by the architect or the craftsman employed in carrying out his plans; and secondly, in the smug but depressing ignorance of the general public. A consideration of the different styles naturally follows, and we have exhaustive chapters on Gothic, Greek, Classical, and Renaissance architecture, followed by an inquiry into the characteristics of the latter when subjected to local conditions and influences in Italy, France, Germany, and the Low Countries, thus leading up to the productions of English and Scottish builders in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is probable that this portion of the book dealing with English Renaissance will receive most attention.

Mr. Stevenson's name has been closely allied with the "Queen Anne" revival so much in vogue just now, and his book was originally intended to advocate its principles. But the public seized upon the new fashion with remarkable avidity, and there is, indeed, some danger of its being so vulgarised, that a reaction may possibly follow in favour of Italian or Greek architecture, which, having failed once, is pretty certain to fail again, because it is alien to English tastes and necessities. What we want is to adopt a style, and, having done so, to stick to it. Whether the "Queen Anne" is the proper one, is a question difficult to decide; but it has very much in its favour, is expansive and pliable, and, above all, homely.

The book is very profusely illustrated with woodcuts, mostly from the pencil of Mr. H. W. Brewer, who, as the examples we have reproduced show, has had a good opportunity for the exercise of his poetical and picturesque feeling. It is a pity, however, that the cuts were not better printed, the force and character of the drawings being in many instances entirely lost. The house of Jacques Cœur, at Bourges, is one of the most splendid specimens of Gothic domestic architecture existing, and is an example of the tall steep roof so peculiar to French architecture, even after the Gothic styles had passed away and had been superseded by the Classic. The view shows part of the front, comprising the main entrance, with the chapel over it, and the turret, which contains the stair leading to the chapel, carried up into a tall stone roof like a spire. The "House with Shop, at Orleans," is a fair specimen of the developed Renaissance of Francis I. Gothic detail has disappeared. There is a reminiscence of it only in the form of the windows and the slender shafts supporting the arches of the doorways; but the spirit of the design

* "House Architecture," by J. J. Stevenson (Macmillan and Co.).

is Gothic. There is more of Gothic than of Classic motive in it—a pleasing confusion which makes us feel there is more in the design than we see at first sight, and makes this building, though an unimportant one, a good example of the principle of the Renaissance—the Gothic spirit revealing itself in Classic forms. The pictures of "House at Würzburg" shows a characteristic feature of South German house arrangement in the great door, wide and high enough to admit a loaded waggon to the court behind, with the smaller door behind it for access to the house. Some times almost the whole of this ground floor was occupied with a large hall provided with stone benches, generally open to the public, from the inner end of which ascended the great staircase to the house proper, which occupied the floor above. In date and details the little "Inn at Kriegshaben" is late classic, but there is a picturesque, and, as Mr. Stevenson expressively remarks, a "dogginess" in the arrangement of the structure—characteristics usually supposed to belong to Gothic only.

The general idea of the design of the curious and picturesque little Market Cross at Peterborough is to be found elsewhere in England, and is the same as that of St. John's College, Oxford. It is an admirable illustration of the blending of incongruities without a sacrifice of harmonious effect. St. Catherine's Hall, or College, Cambridge, commenced in 1680, shows the method then prevalent of breaking the horizontal line of the building by a taller classic frontispiece. Though late in detail it still retains in its mullioned windows some Gothic character. Till a few years ago it was complete in style throughout, but its harmony was destroyed and its history falsified by altering the chapel into quite incongruous Gothic. The Rectory of Redington is a good example of a simple and late form of "Queen Anne." Such houses are common all over England, and with their cheerful red brick fronts among the green, broad white window-frames and small panes twinkling in the light, suggest all the pleasant associations of an English home. Strictly speaking they are not architectural buildings, Classic orders and Gothic ornament being alike unknown to them. "They are the natural outcome of simple brick building in an age when the work of every workman, and every moulting, however simple, was governed by traditions which secured it from offending against good taste." After the Fire of London, no more wooden houses were built, and the style, though at first retaining something of Gothic picturesqueness gradually became "chaste," which simply means dull, and developed or was degraded into such dismal uniformity as we find in Gower Street. What little ornament was expended on each house was concentrated in the doorways, which differed in each house, and they were beautiful, sometimes even noble, examples of design. The specimens given are both from Cecil Street, Strand. They date early in the eighteenth century, and very fairly illustrate the general character.

The "Ordinary Classic House" is an example of the result of the modification which the Scotch style underwent in the early part of the eighteenth century—modifications mainly in the direction of mere practical convenience and commonplaceness.

We have not space to deal fully with the second volume, which is wholly occupied with the consideration of plans and planning—by no means the least important part of house building. Suffice it to say that Mr. Stevenson has given us a highly interesting and instructive and occasionally amusing work, which deserves wide consideration, and which can scarcely fail to have a marked effect in shaping the course which our house architecture must sooner or later take.

THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, who has just been appointed United States Minister to the British Court in the place of Mr. Welsh, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1819. He graduated at Harvard College in 1838, and studied law, but never practised. He began authorship before leaving college, and displayed the interest which he felt in the various political and philanthropic questions of the day in a volume entitled "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets." The publication in 1848 of "The Biglow Papers," a collection of humorous poems on political subjects written in the Yankee dialect, established his reputation. The crusade against slavery was at this time beginning, and the book embodied an earnest protest (albeit embodied in homely Doric language) against the slaveholding party for embroiling the nation in a war with Mexico, their object being, in the opinion of Mr. Lowell and others of his creed, the aggrandisement of the slave power by the increase of territory in which slavery was permissible. There can be no doubt that Mr. Lowell's writings stimulated the Abolitionist enthusiasm, which culminated in the Kansas troubles, the Harper's Ferry raid, and lastly, the Great Civil War, in which Southern supremacy fell no more to rise. A second series of "The Biglow Papers" was published during the Civil War. Mr. Lowell has also issued two volumes of essays, "Among My Books," and "My Study Windows." He has also been editor successively of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review*. In 1877 he was appointed Minister to Spain, and now he obtains what is usually considered as the Blue Ribbon of the United States Diplomatic Service.—Our portrait is from an engraving kindly lent to us by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

A Transatlantic admirer of Mr. Lowell (Mr. C. N. Gregory, of Madison, Wisconsin) sends us the following verses:—

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

BARD of that wise and autocratic town
Whose hills and commons prove a kind retreat
To the coy muses, but whose just renown
Lacking thy thoughtful verse, were incomplete,
As in the well's dark mirror sweetly feigned
A youth beholds his natural face again,
And in the same close-circling rim contained,
Finds the blue heaven a mutual denizen;
And pauses, studious of the pleasing view,
While those he knows come near and with him bend
Till the clear pool, with tender grace and true,
Adds the dear face of every neighbouring friend.
Thus in the depths of thy observing wit,
The bending student views his mirrored soul;
His secret told, his neighbour's story writ
With nobler thoughts to frame and blend the whole.



Chaucer (English Men of Letters): A. W. Ward; Our Australian Cousins: James Inglis ("Maori"). Macmillan.
Life of the Prince Consort, Vol. V.: Theodore Martin. Smith, Elder, & Co.
On Duty—A Ride through Hostile Africa: Parker Gillmore; The Sword of Damocles (3 vols.): Theodore A. Sharp. Chapman and Hall.
Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives: T. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. Hodder and Stoughton.
Barbara Home: W. Stephens Hayward. J. and R. Maxwell.
Home they Brought Her Warrior Dead: Julian Horne. Newman and Co.
For Her Dear Sake (3 vols.): Mary Cecil Hay. Hurst and Blackett.
Recollections of Ober-Ammergau in 1871: H. N. Oxenham, M.A. Rivingtons.
Brummagram Bright—A Life's Epitome. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., and John Menzies and Co., Edinburgh and Glasgow.
What I Saw in Kafirland: Sir S. Lakenan. W. Blackwood and Sons.
Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes, 1890.

THE BELGIAN AFRICAN EXPEDITION

THE subjoined map represents the route followed by Lieutenant Carter, the leader of the first detachment of the Belgian African Expedition, and who has now established a station on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, near Kirema. It is drawn from Lieutenant Carter's own map, and has been forwarded to us by M. C. Stuart, Captain of the expedition, who writes:—"The letter accompanying Lieutenant Carter's sketch, dated the 15th September, 1879, expresses his opinion on having at last reached Kirema (situated on the south-eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika). He also writes that he at once made the necessary arrangements to erect the buildings for the proposed settlement, so as to be prepared for the arrival of the expedition directed by Captain Popelin. The only event worth mentioning during his journey was an earthquake which was felt at Simba, towards noon on August 30, 1879; the shocks were felt at Simba, towards noon on August 30, 1879; the natives were not slight and lasted for about half-an-hour. The natives were not astonished nor frightened; they said that it was caused by the passage of a deceased Sultan's spirit, and predicted the approaching death of an important personage. They admitted, however, that it was an annual occurrence. The general aspect of the country he passed through was monotonous. From Unyanthe country he passed through an undulating sandy plain. During the rainy season this country is inundated, but the water is soon absorbed by the earth, evaporated, or drained into the Tanganyika by the numerous 'nullahs' whose beds form the only drinking places for the game which abounds in that part of Africa.

"The scenery is agreeably diversified by woods, chiefly formed of the Miambo-tree, the wood and bark of which is used by the natives for all purposes. In Unyanthe, the villages form grateful oases in the midst of large forests, and are surrounded by fields of rice and intama, and as the soil is rich all kinds of seeds, plants, or trees flourish there, while domestic animals are plentiful.

"Ugunda is as favourably situated, but not much cultivated, and cattle are rare. In Manyara, Ukamba, and Mwaru only intama and maize are cultivated. The tsetse reigns in these regions, and even

attacks the traveller. The people are timid and poor. Usavira is situated on a ridge separating the watersheds of the Malagarazi and that of Lake Rikwa; its population is almost concentrated in one village, having about 300 inhabitants, the greater part being Wangwanas (free men from Zanzibar). Rice is principally cultivated. From Usavira the path generally taken by the Arabs is left for Karima.

"The population of Ukahuendi and Ufipa inhabit small villages, the soil is fertile in the valleys, and produces several crops a year; but it is indifferently cultivated. The country near the lake abounds in game: herds of buffaloes and zebras are chased eagerly by the lions; the natives rejoice in the abundance of deer, which provide them with the only flesh they can procure.

"The tent illustrated is used by the expedition, and is described as a double-roofed improved tent, 9 feet square, with four openings. The supporting pole is divided in two parts, each $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. It was made at Zanzibar."

Since the above was written the above telegram has reached Brussels from the Expedition:—"Captain Popelin (commanding the second detachment) and all the other members of the Expedition have safely reached Kirema, with their two remaining elephants; Mr. Carter gives the following account of the journey:—"Kwihara (Unyanthe), 30th October, 1879.—Since our departure from Mpwapwa on the 2nd of September until our arrival at Hittura on the 12th of October the elephants (whose landing in Africa we illustrated in No. 531, January 31, 1880) have constantly had insufficient and bad food and water. Being obliged also to make long marches they were very much reduced, so I proposed to Captain Popelin that he should continue his route towards Tabora, where I would rejoin him at easy stages. By this means the elephants were able to graze on the fresh grass through which we passed. This restored them in a few days to perfect health. The arrival of these two elephants had done more actual good towards establishing the prestige of Europeans in Africa than the expenditure of thousands of pounds. It has cleared the forest between Tchaia and Hittura from the Ruga-Ruga, who murdered Mr. Penrose, and has even caused

an embassy to be sent to Mr. Carter with fifty elephant tusks from the chief Mirambo, to settle in his country. The effect produced on the natives by these animals is incredible. They say that as the Europeans are obeyed by the elephants they are able to accomplish anything. During our journey, seated on our gaily-decorated elephants, we were continually accompanied by hundreds of men, women, and children, shouting and screaming for joy. It is generally believed among the natives that every morning before starting, and when the elephants kneel down to receive their charge, the following conversation takes place between each animal and its master:—

"Elephant: Master, I am ready."

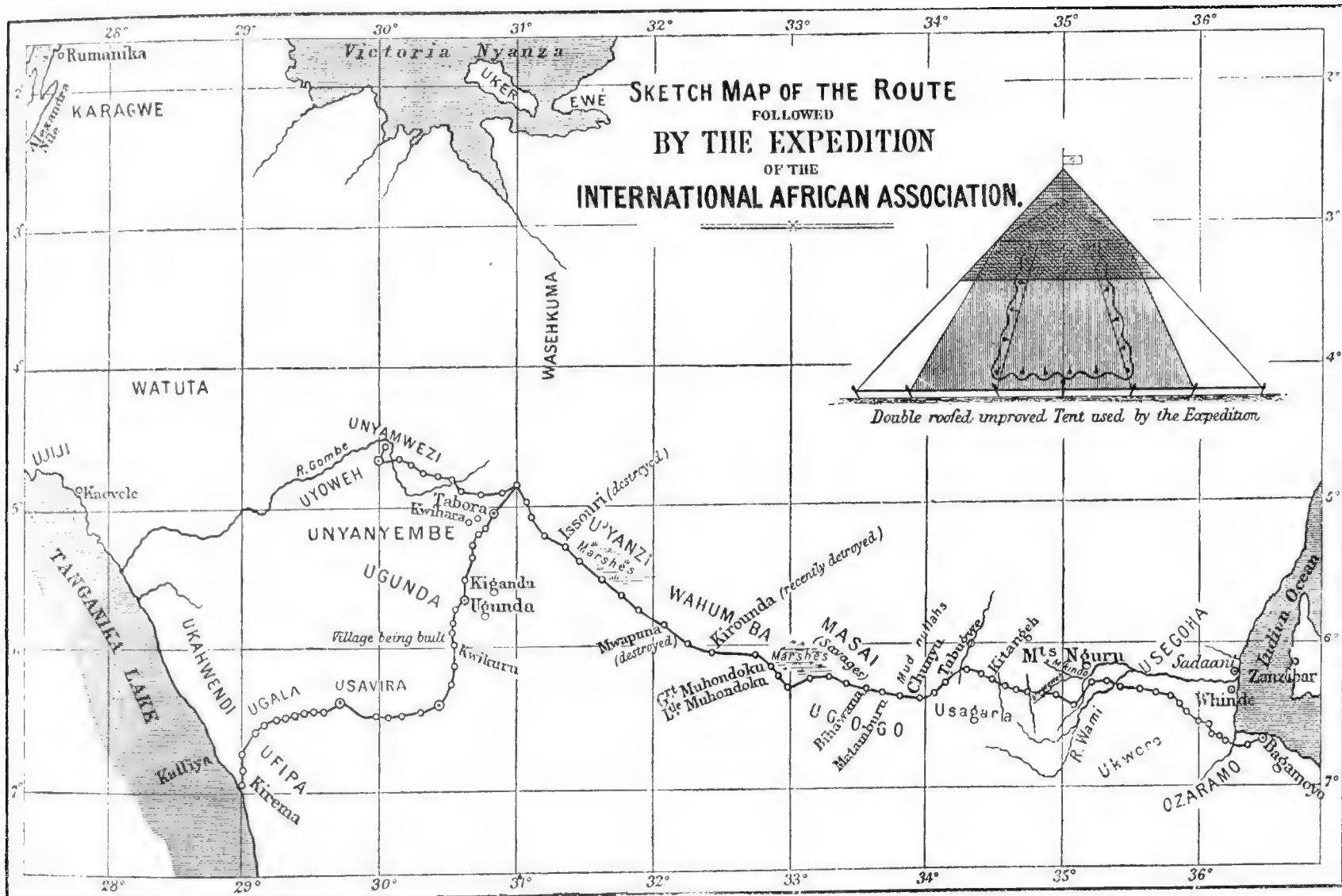
Master (white man), loading twenty frasilahs on its back, says, "Is this enough?"

"Elephant: No, put some more on."

Master (putting on another twenty-five frasilahs and another twenty-five frasilahs), again asks, 'Will this do?'

"Elephant: 'This will do,' and gets up and starts as if he has nothing on his back."

THAMES WATER.—It is scarcely reassuring just now to read in *The Times* a leading article on the subject of "sewage," in the course of which we are told that the water supply is purified as far as may be before it is again delivered for use, and, if people refuse to drink water which has once acted as a scavenger, and then been purified as far as possible, they must reflect that the alternative of drinking sewage diluted, disinfected, and rendered practically innocuous, except in association, is that they may be compelled, without knowing it, to consume it in a much more loathsome and deadly form. "Rendered practically innocuous—except in association?" There's the rub. It is the contaminating associations the hard-worked river may contract in the summer time that are to be dreaded. It is little more than a year and a half since the Registrar-General wrote, "The prevailing high mortality is due to diarrhoea, which becomes fatal in London when the temperature of



the Thames rises much above sixty degrees." And then the indisputable authority in question goes on to show, as regards the distressing disease indicated, that, in three following weeks, when the temperature of the river stood at 66, 67, and 68 deg., the deaths—which the previous week were 78—rose to 156, 256, and 349. "Thus," says the Registrar, "the deaths in the last four weeks were 786 in the districts supplied with Thames and Lea water, whereas the deaths in the districts supplied with water drawn from the chalk by the Kent Company were, as compared with the former, 1 to 3." It is to be earnestly hoped that, when the Government obtain control of our water-supply, something will be done to relieve us from the unsatisfactory alternative of drinking "sewage diluted and disinfected," or trusting to streams fair to the eye, but which, unfiltered, may contain ingredients "much more loathsome and deadly" than the company's decoction.

A HOLIDAY FOR LONDON COWS.—On a bright spring morning there are few more melancholy spectacles than that presented by a company of cows in a London cowshed, especially if the latter be situated in a densely-populated part of the metropolis. As a cowshed the building may be all that the law insists on, and the cow-keeper able to show that it is duly licensed and registered, but it hardly follows that because of this the incarcerated cows have nothing to complain of. There are "lodging-houses" in London formally registered as complying with the Act of Parliament, but a person of nice habits and delicate instincts would probably sooner sleep under a hedge with an armful from a haystack as a pillow. There are scores of cowsheds within the four mile radius so pent in with other buildings that a gleam of sunshine has not the remotest possibility of finding its way into them. The night end of twilight finds these continually, and, together with the asphalt floor and the glaring white of the lime-washed walls, is forcibly suggestive of a model prison or a penitentiary. It may be tolerable enough in the winter, but there are seasons when an intelligent cow must be driven to the verge of melancholy madness. Take, for instance, the month of May. All the months of the year are the same to the poor imprisoned brindle, with her rations of oil-cake, hay, and a wazul (wazul, lay, and oil-cake (just as at Coldbath Prison the changes are rung on gruel, bread, and suet-pudding), but there

presently comes a day when, like that sweet short dream that some times accompanies an after-dinner doze, there appears before the cow's amazed optics a bunch of luscious young green clover, with crispy stalks and damp with last night's dew. It is done in kindness by the cowkeeper, no doubt—they commonly give the creatures this treat in the early spring time; but it must be a bitter-sweet delight to a cow who once knew what liberty and green pasturage were. It is said to be a belief amongst vulgar bird-fanciers that there is danger in placing a verdant "turf" in a lark's cage. The bird will at times take it so to heart as to sing himself to death in a delirium of gladness. Tethered to a staple in her narrow stall, the cow cannot even kick up her heels on receipt of her treat of green meat, but what may her feelings be! What would she not give to be—only for a day—where clover grows? And why not? There are amongst us humanitarians who are not to be deterred from a good action because it assumes a novel and previously unheard-of shape. Why not a Day in the Country for London cows?

JUVENILE STREET-TRADERS.—In its commendable solicitude for the juvenile population, Manchester, through its justices, has recently set afoot a movement that other large towns and cities including London itself, would do well to imitate. Its neighbour Salford, has given countenance to the laudable scheme, and a joint memorial is to be submitted to the Home Secretary requesting his kindly interference with a view to preventing children of tender age from plying their petty trades in the busiest thoroughfares at night-time. As regards our own metropolis, those who are out and about on business or pleasure until long after dark cannot fail to have noticed the large number of deplorably ragged and half-starved-looking little boys and girls who at railway stations and at bus and tram halting-places habitually, and as late as ten and eleven o'clock, are alert and clamorous to dispose of their small wares, which consist mainly of "lights" for cigars and pipes and the latest editions of penny and halfpenny newspapers. Their neglected and squalid aspect provides the best excuse—if excuse were needed—for extending to these poor children the protecting hand of the law. Their appearance unmistakably betokens that but a very small percentage of their earnings falls to their share, and whispers loudly

of the probability of dissolute and drunken parents and guardians compelling them, with threats perhaps, and ill-usage, to remain out in the bleak streets as long as customers, no matter their quality or degree, may be met with, so that they—the ruffian father and the disgraceful mother—may have money to spend at the public-house. It is not as though it were merely an exceptionally tight pinching of the shoe of poverty that gave an impetus to this branch of juvenile nocturnal industry. If it were but a temporary measure to replenish an empty cupboard and enable a family to tide over a hard time, it would be different. The worst of it is these small pedlars of the pavement are seemingly bred and born in the business, and kept at it until such time as they grow old enough or cunning enough to shake off their leading strings, and forsake a trade that at best must be wretched and precarious to take up with some other, scarcely as honest, perhaps, but more remunerative. Year after year, and in winter and summer, the observant pedestrian encounters in certain localities the same grimy, wistful faces, wrinkled while the cheeks of other children are as yet dimpled, clutching seemingly the self-same handful of "flamers" or "suvians" and wearing no other than the same battered and breached terminal envelopment. Do they go to school, those bare-footed, shock-headed waifs of humanity? If they do, it must seem a queer proceeding when they take their seat on the children's form and are asked babyish questions in arithmetic. They may not be able to work out the simplest "sum" on a slate, but there is not a teacher in the whole school, including even the head master, who, as a small capitalist, and given, say, eighteenpence, to go to market with, could make shrewder investments or more closely calculate possible profit. But again—do these gutter babies go to school? We have the confident assertions of the whole companionship of School Board visitors that they do, and one would feel bound to believe it but for the trifling difficulty that no one ever saw them there,—that is to say, in their rags, with the unkempt thatching that renders a cap superfluous, and with the grime of a month's growth on their skins. Perhaps the memorialised Home Secretary may suggest a little inquiry in this direction, which, after all, might prove the shortest way of solving the problem the good men of Manchester have propounded.



"AN ANCIENT CUSTOM"
DRAWN BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES



MONUMENT TO THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL PROPOSED TO BE ERECTED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY



RUSSIA.—The firmness and energy of General Melikoff are making a good impression, and are gradually restoring confidence in St. Petersburg. His hands have been further strengthened also by the resignation of General Drenteln, the chief of the renowned "Third Section," the direction of the Secret Police being henceforward assumed by General Melikoff. It is not unlikely also that other independent institutions of State may be centralised in his hands, so that he may have complete control over the whole system. General Melikoff, as his activity at Karkoff showed last year, is no red-tapist, and has little regard for the rules and regulations of officialism. The prompt trial and execution of his would-be assassin manifested this, nor is he less prompt in other matters, summarily despatching affairs which formerly would have dragged on for months, and even years, harassing and involving more and more persons as time rolled on. He has shown himself also more liberal than had in any way been hoped for, having invited the Town Council to send representatives to the Executive Council, while the wholesale arrests, which have so terrified St. Petersburg of late, have been discontinued, and the Press is allowed greater freedom. Thus, the *Golos* has published an unusually outspoken article urging the introduction of reform in Russia as the most deadly weapon which can be used against sedition and anarchy, making it impossible for the revolutionists to arrest the course of peaceful development and progress. The Nihilists have repudiated any share in the attempt on the General's life in a circular—adding that had that been the case better arrangements would have been made for the effectual success of the undertaking and for the escape of the agent. The General is warned to be careful, for though his doom has not yet been pronounced, he is being closely watched. The fall of General Drenteln is thought to be somewhat due to the revelations made of the internal economy of the Third Section during the Hartmann affair. The Russians are still very angry with France for not having delivered up Hartmann, and Prince Orloff has been "summoned" to St. Petersburg from Paris, and will probably only return there to present his letters of recall.

The difficulty with China has assumed a very serious aspect, the Chinese Government having warmly repudiated the treaty for the cession of Kuldja, signed last year by their ambassador, Chung How, who has been disgraced and, it is said, executed. Moreover, we hear of disturbances at Peking, and of large Chinese purchases in Europe of war material, while it is stated to be quite on the cards that Russia will abandon her designs on Merv for the present, and utilise her troops now concentrated in Turkestan for a campaign against the Celestial Empire, an alliance being also concluded with the various Mahomedan tribes for that purpose. At present it is not definitely decided who is to take the command of the Turkestan army, General Skobeleff having refused unless he is entrusted with the sole and complete execution of the plan of campaign, instead of being, as is now proposed, subjected to telegraphic orders and counter-orders from the military authorities at St. Petersburg.

FRANCE.—Article Seven of M. Jules Ferry's Higher Education Bill has been finally rejected by the Senate, and the amendment has been quietly accepted by the Chamber on the assurance of M. de Freycinet that he would enforce the law at present in existence against unauthorised Religious Orders, "acting under a sense of responsibility, and guided by the manifold interests at stake." Upon this the Chamber voted the order of the day, "confiding in the Government, and counting on its firmness to enforce the laws respecting non-authorised Orders," and the Bill was finally passed. M. Jules Ferry has not resigned, and the general feeling of the country is one of relief that the arbitrary clause in question has not been passed, the measure being regarded by all moderate persons to be as great an infringement of religious liberty as any of those arbitrary prohibitions in which fanatical Roman Catholic Governments were occasionally wont to indulge. The Radicals, of course, have been furious, and are now pinning their faith upon M. de Freycinet's declaration, but it will be an unexpected anomaly if the Premier of a so-called Liberal Republican Ministry should inaugurate a system of persecution which could only end in exciting the anger of some of the most prominent European Powers against France and her Republic. There is little other political news. M. Gambetta is very unwell, and there have been three elections—two Republicans being successful and one Bonapartist—the latter being M. Georges de Cassagnac, a younger brother of the illustrious Paul.

The dissolution of the English Parliament and the party addresses of the leaders on both sides have excited unusual attention, and have been vigorously discussed from every point of view. There is an almost universal feeling in favour of the Conservatives. Thus the *Dix-Neuvième Siècle* is of opinion that Lord Beaconsfield's general policy, notwithstanding its errors, is still the one which meets best the wishes, and perhaps the wants, of Englishmen. Mr. Gladstone's ideal "seems to be to concentrate himself in an insular egotism, devoid of all care, so far as the interests of the Continent are concerned. It is the philosophy of the rat which shuts itself up in its cheese, and thinks of nothing else." The *Journal des Débats* also criticises Mr. Gladstone for the vehemence with which he attacks Lord Beaconsfield's policy, and more especially for the manner in which he takes the Treaty of Paris to support his arguments, when that Treaty "died between the enfeebled hands of Mr. Gladstone himself." The paper pays a warm tribute to Lord Beaconsfield's talents, and the same line is adopted by the *Temps*, while the *République Française*, in common with the other journals comments upon the absence of any Liberal programme; and upon the divisions existing among the leaders respecting foreign affairs, Lord Hartington having his ideas of foreign policy, Mr. Gladstone his, which are by no means identical, while Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Lowe's principles on the subject differ still further. *Per contra*, the Ultramontane *Univers* praises Mr. Shaw's reply to Lord Beaconsfield, and prognosticates the ultimate success of the Home Rulers.

There is little gossip from Paris, which, like London, has been rejoicing in the fine weather. Owing to the unusually high temperature (62 deg. Fahrenheit in the shade) vegetation is rapidly progressing, and the well-known chestnut tree in the Tuileries, which is always supposed to put forward its leaves on March 20th, is ten days in advance of its time.—The only theatrical novelties have been two little vaudevilles at the Palais Royal Theatre, both very amusing, and characteristic of the house at which they were played—*La Victime*, by M. Abraham Dreyfus, and *Le Ménage Popincourt*, by MM. Hippolyte Raymond and Maxime Boucheron.—In musical circles there is great activity. Madame Patti has been drawing crowds in *Lucia di Lammermoor* at the Théâtre Italien, while the forthcoming production of *Ada* at the Grand Opera is expected to be highly successful.—Public clocks worked on the pneumatic principle are being placed in the streets of Paris by the Municipality. They are lighted at night, and are set in motion from one common centre, the air being pumped through tubes by a six horse-power engine. The company offer to provide similar clocks for private houses.

GERMANY.—The contest between Church and State has entered upon a new and satisfactory phase, which is not unlikely to lead to a good understanding. In a letter to the Bishop of Cologne the

Pope has not only expressed himself in a conciliatory manner towards Germany, "this renowned Fatherland, which was once especially favoured by the blood of many martyrs, and the splendid virtues of saintly men now rejoicing in the glories of the Kingdom of Heaven," but hopes that "little by little hollow suspicion, and its invariable accompaniment, unrighteous envy, towards the Church would cease," and that the chiefs of the State might see that a lasting understanding might exist, "provided that there does not fail on both sides the will and the inclination to maintain peace, and if need be restore it. . . . We cherish this will so decidedly," Leo XIII. goes on to say, "that in view of the advantages likely to result therefrom for public order, we make no scruple of declaring to thee that we, in order to hasten this understanding, will permit the names of those priests chosen by the Bishops to be their fellow-workers to be primarily submitted to the Prussian Government for approval." This surrender, moreover, of the main points of controversy justifies Prince Bismarck's recent "expectation" that the Vatican would at last see the policy of making concessions. It now remains for him to carry out the remainder of his sentence, "to be repaid by similar coin by Germany."

There is considerable discussion respecting the possible meeting between the Emperor and Queen Victoria during Her Majesty's visit to Germany. As Baden-Baden and Wiesbaden, where the two Sovereigns will respectively stay, are not a thousand miles apart, such an event is not beyond the range of possibility; but whether or no the interview foreshadows a triple alliance between Germany, England, and Austria is a matter rather for wiseacres to conjecture than for serious political writers to discuss.

Prince Bismarck's health is said to be greatly improved.—Emigration statistics show that 33,327 Germans, of whom nearly two-thirds were males, left the country last year, the largest number since 1874, when they amounted to 45,112.

Colonel Syngé has not yet been released by the brigands; but the negotiations are being carried on. The brigands, however, as a first condition, request the removal of the troops which have been sent to effect the colonel's release to a more convenient distance.

ITALY.—There has been a long and important debate on the foreign policy of the Government, which will long be remarkable for the noteworthy speeches which have been made by the foremost statesmen of Italy. Signor Visconti Venosta, in particular, attacked the Government, declaring that Italy was isolated in the councils of Europe, not being sufficiently conservative to reassure Turkey, nor sufficiently liberal to satisfy Greece. He regretted that the relations with Austria were "less friendly;" and asked what the Government intended to do with the Italia Irredenta party. He was followed by Signor Crispi, who reproached the Government with its want of energy, adding that the Irredenta movement was the legacy of a badly-concluded peace of 1866, that it had no importance, and that to try and put it down by force would be an error of statesmanship. He urged that the execution of the Treaty of Berlin should be the starting-point of Italy's international policy. Italy should remain friends with both Russia and Austria, but she should require them not to overpass their frontiers. On Tuesday Signor Cairoli replied to all the strictures, denying that Italy was in any way isolated, declaring that she played an honourable part in the work performed at Berlin, and that Italy being in "the normal condition of a Power which has no peculiar designs to realise, and no other desire beyond those of making peace," preferred, before alliances which might precipitate events, the preservation of her own liberty of action. Peace was for Italy more than a simple aspiration, it had become a necessity, and he would not betray his country by any rash action. As for the Irredentists, he could only reply that his Government was determined on preventing all actions or preparations to act contrary to Italy's international relations. The sitting closed with a most stormy scene, owing to Signor Lanza, who was Prime Minister in 1870, rising to refute the accusation that his Government exhibited any unwillingness to enter Rome, an allegation which Signor Crispi persistently reiterated.

AUSTRIA.—Negotiations have been busily carried on between Austria, Servia, and Roumania, respecting the railways which will connect Austria with Eastern and Southern Turkey, and which she is anxious to see completed, as a new field for commerce and industry is expected to be opened upon the advent of the iron horse. The two lines connecting Hungary with Roumania are completed; but the Servian Government, though ready to effect a junction at once with the Salonica line, somewhat demurs to continue the line towards Sofia so as to meet the line to Constantinople, as Bulgaria on her side shows no willingness to complete her link of the chain of railway which would thus connect Belgrade directly with Stambul. The Austrian Government are also pushing railway enterprise in other directions, and intend to open direct communication with Switzerland and France by a railway over and through the Aarberg to the Lake of Constance, in order to avoid, as hitherto, having to send her exports *via* Germany.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—ROUMANIA claims the first place in Eastern matters this week, as her Premier has been on an important mission to Vienna and Berlin, with the object, it is said, of obtaining Prince Bismarck's consent to the elevation of Roumania to a kingdom and Prince Charles to the rank of a constitutional monarch. This is the last burning desire on the part of the Roumanians, who declare that as their country is larger than either Belgium, Holland, or Greece, they have as good a claim as those States to be classed among the Kingdoms of Europe. In the mean time the Roumanians have manifested their idea of progress and civilisation by adopting the Russian passport system, by which every foreigner visiting the country must obtain from the Prefect nearest the place of his debarkation a permit of residence, surrendering his passport if he intends to stay longer than a month.

To turn to TURKEY and her capital, the Grand Vizier is energetically continuing his economical reforms; but further financial difficulties have arisen, owing to the depreciation of the metallic currency, and considerable dissatisfaction and excitement exist in the provinces on the subject. Sir Henry Layard has been "protesting" as energetically as ever. He has objected to the Porte's arrangement with the Galata bankers, declaring that the indirect taxes have already been hypothecated to the English bondholders; against the payment of customs, lighthouse, and sanitary dues under the new order reducing the Medjidie to 19 piastres; and against a scheme for closing part of the quay at Smyrna, on the ground that an existing Convention secures the right of loading goods there to English vessels. On their side the Turks have protested against the proposed Commission to settle the Greek frontier, declaring that the hope of a direct arrangement between Turkey and Greece has not been abandoned.

AFGHANISTAN.—There is no news of importance, save that the correspondent of *The Times* telegraphs that affairs look more hopeful, and that reports from Ghazni indicate a likelihood that Mahomed Jan will submit. It is stated, however, that Abdurrahman, accompanied by the Meer of Badakshan and two Russian officers, have arrived at Jaktapool, the military cantonment of Balkh.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In INDIA the Military Commission has reported upon the Native Army Organisation Bill. The native army is not to be reduced, but to be divided into four territorial army corps, each commanded by a Lieutenant-General, with a complete staff—the whole to be under the control of a central Commander-in-Chief.—In the UNITED STATES the aggregate amount of subscriptions to the Irish Relief Fund has reached 186,440*l.*, of which the *New York Herald* has collected 58,436*l.* The agitation in San Francisco is calming down owing to the energetic action of the Protection Committee. Daniel Kearney has been tried for incendiary language,

fining 200*l.* and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. There has been a strike of pianoforte workmen in New York, and the movement is spreading to other trades. In SOUTH AFRICA the great Boers' meeting has now been adjourned *sine die*. The position in Basutoland is said to be critical owing to the determination of the Government to disarm the natives. A great diamond robbery has occurred at the Cape Town Post Office, stoner worth from 30,000*l.* to 50,000*l.* having been abstracted from the registered parcels.



THE Queen has returned to Windsor from London. During her stay in town Her Majesty visited the Duchess of Cambridge, entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Frederica of Hanover at dinner, gave audience to the Marquis of Salisbury, and inspected Mrs. Elizabeth Butler's picture of the Attack on Rorke's Drift, painted for the Queen. Princess Beatrice went to the Court Theatre, and on Saturday morning visited the Belgian Gallery, while later in the day Her Majesty and the Princess left Buckingham Palace, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught also going home to Bagshot, while Prince Leopold remained in town. In the evening Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote and Sir H. Ponsonby dined with the Queen. On Sunday Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the private chapel, and Prince and Princess Christian, with their nieces the Princesses Augusta-Victoria and Caroline-Matilda of Schleswig-Holstein, lunched with the Queen. Sir Stafford Northcote had audience of Her Majesty in the evening, and with Lady Northcote and the Deans of Worcester and Windsor and Mrs. Wellesley joined the Royal party at dinner. Sir Evelyn and Lady Wood dined with the Queen on Monday, and next day the Duke of Edinburgh lunched with Her Majesty, who also gave audience to Assistant-Commissioner J. L. Dalton. Tuesday being the anniversary of the Duchess of Kent's death, the Frogmore Mausoleum was opened for the Royal Household to visit. On Wednesday morning the Duke of Edinburgh left Windsor, and on Thursday the Queen would hold a Council.—Her Majesty's departure for the Continent remains fixed at present for Thursday, the 25th inst., when the Queen and the Princess Beatrice will cross over to Cherbourg, pass the night on board the Royal yacht, and on Friday morning proceed by rail to Baden Baden. Her absence will probably last a month.—The Queen has sent her annual subscription of 50*l.* to the National Lifeboat Institution.

The Prince and Princess of Wales on Saturday visited Prince Leopold at Buckingham Palace, and in the evening the Prince presided at a dinner in aid of the funds of the Westminster Hospital. Next morning the Prince and Princess with their daughters attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James, where the Bishop of Manchester preached. On Monday the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Prince and Princess, and subsequently accompanied them to St. James's Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince presided over a meeting of the Royal Commission for the Australian Exhibition, and in the evening the Prince and Princess went to the Folly Theatre.—Princes Albert Victor and George are spending this week at Jamaica, and sail again in the *Batchante* on Monday.

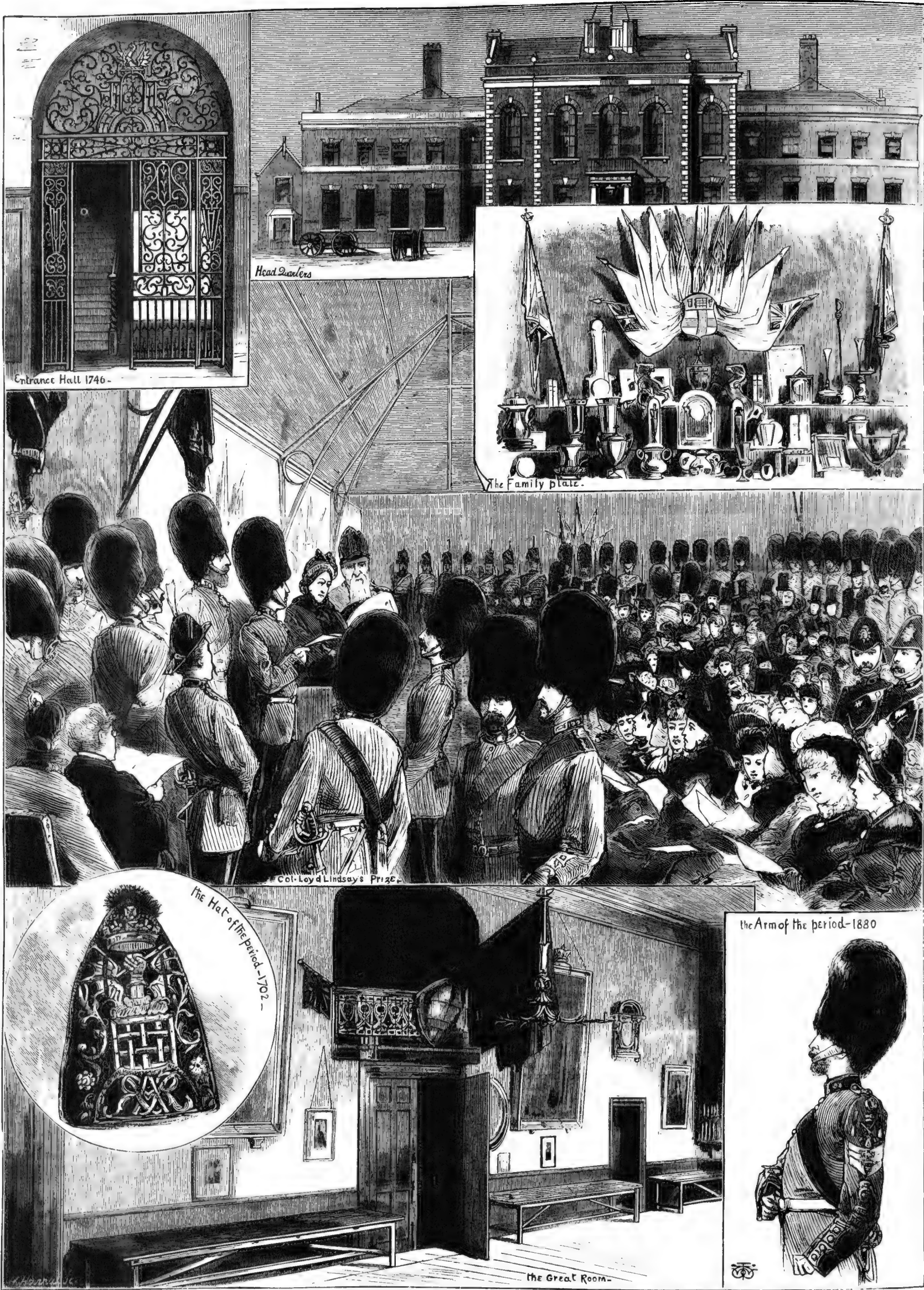
The Princess Louise is stated to have almost entirely recovered from the effects of her sleighing accident. Thursday was the Princess's thirty-second birthday, and was kept with the usual honours at Windsor.—The Duke of Edinburgh returned to England from Russia on Sunday night, leaving the Duchess at St. Petersburg in consequence of her mother's precarious condition. On his way home the Duke happily escaped injury in a railway accident, his train colliding with a goods train, but no one being injured, while he spent a few hours at Berlin, where he visited the Emperor and Empress, and in company with his nephew and niece, Prince William and the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, lunched at the British Embassy. The Duke's children have been staying with the Queen in his absence.—Prince Leopold has slightly sprained his knee, but he was well enough to be present on Saturday at the wedding of Miss Eveleen Tennant and Mr. F. W. Myers, where two of his compositions were performed—a song "Dir Allein," and a waltz "Reconciliation."

There is some talk of an engagement between Prince William, eldest son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, and Princess Augusta-Victoria, eldest daughter of the late Duke Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein, and who with her younger sister is now staying in England with her uncle Prince Christian. Prince William is twenty-one years of age, and the Princess is four months his senior.—Another Royal wedding is likely to be that of the Princess Frederica of Hanover with Baron de Tavel Rammingen. Queen Victoria's consent to the union is necessary as the Princess belongs to the British Royal Family and intends to live in this country.—The Empress of Austria paid a flying visit to Brussels on her way home, in order to see her future-daughter-in-law, Princess Stephanie. Prince Rudolph remains in Belgium with his betrothed.—According to the *Etoile Belge* the time of the marriage is not yet fixed, but the civil ceremony must take place in Belgium, and the religious rites in Vienna.



RELIGION AND POLITICS.—Dean Goulburn, preaching on Friday last in Norwich Cathedral, condemned the action of the Government in selecting Passion week and Easter week for the elections. He earnestly appealed to his hearers not to regard the elections from a mere party standpoint, but to pray that they might promote the general welfare of the people.—The Bishop of Manchester preached at St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday, and referring to Mr. Bright's recent statement that the leaders of the National Church had on no occasion on which the eternal principles of righteousness were involved in national policy stood forth to guide and enlighten the national conscience, said that he would not stay to examine whether the charge was based on adequate information, but he felt sad to think that it could ever have been made; and, if it were true in any measure, every Churchman should make it his first effort to wipe away such a stain.—The *Record* in an article on the impending election points out the line which it considers the ministers of Christ might safely and wisely adopt. Entirely avoiding all reference to personal matters and questions of party or purse, they may insist on the evils of party spirit, or mere love of place and power; call attention to the great need there is that any ruler over men should be "just, ruling in the fear of God," to the prayer for Parliament, and the difficulties and temptations which beset righteous rulers, draw the picture of an ideal M.P. from a Christian point of view, denounce the cowardice that truckles to Romanism, and the love of popularity that blinks religion and

AQUATICS.—The practice of the University crews between Mortlake and Putney, and their trials with scratch eights, have been watched for many days past with unflinching interest, and as usual have evoked a large amount of aquatic criticism. The betting, as



Entrance Hall 1746-

Head Quarters

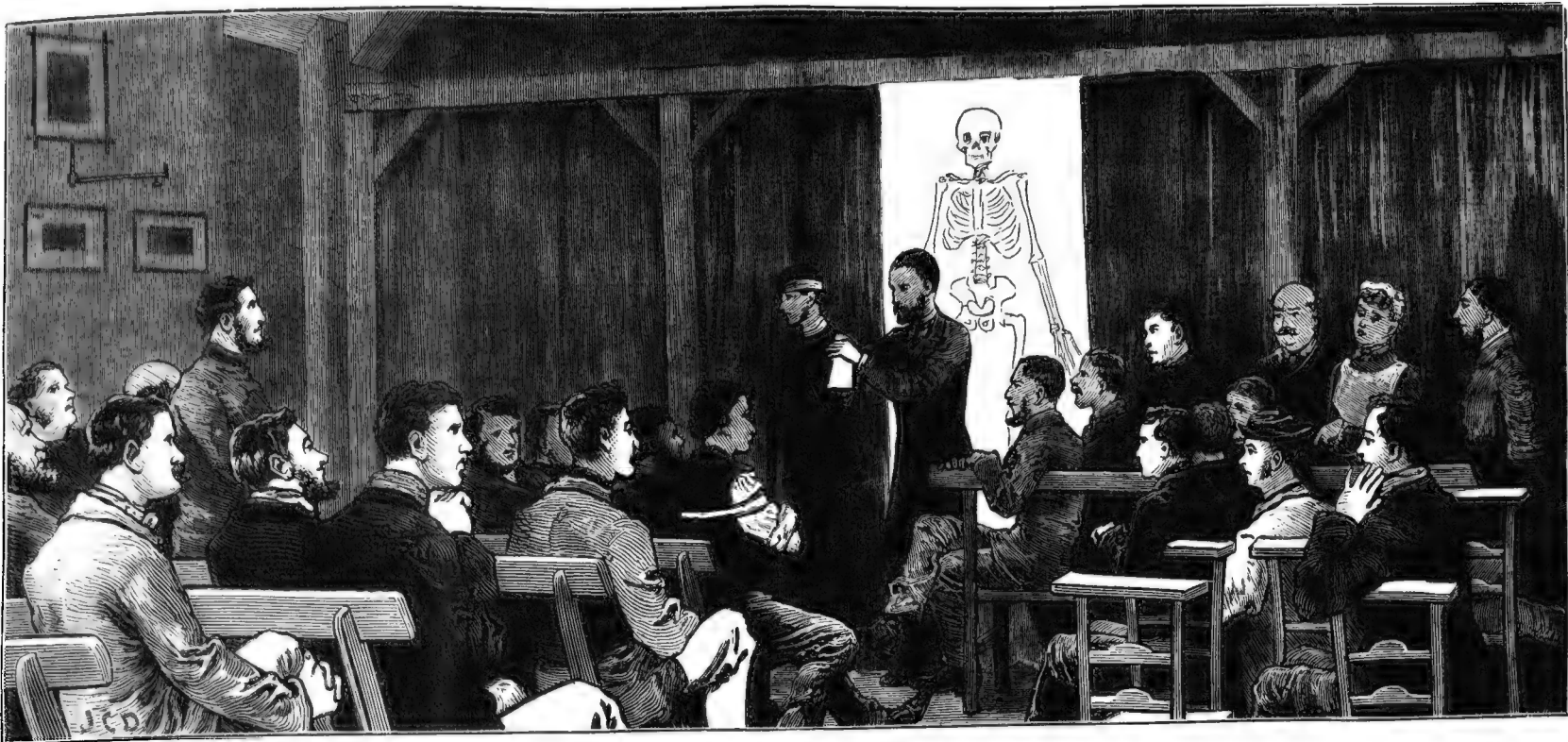
The Family place.

Col. Lloyd Lindsay's Prize.

The Hat of the period - 1702 -

the Arm of the period - 1880

the Great Room.



A LESSON IN BANDAGING
DR. CROOKSHANK, OF ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION, INSTRUCTING A CLASS OF DOCK LABOURERS AT WAPPING



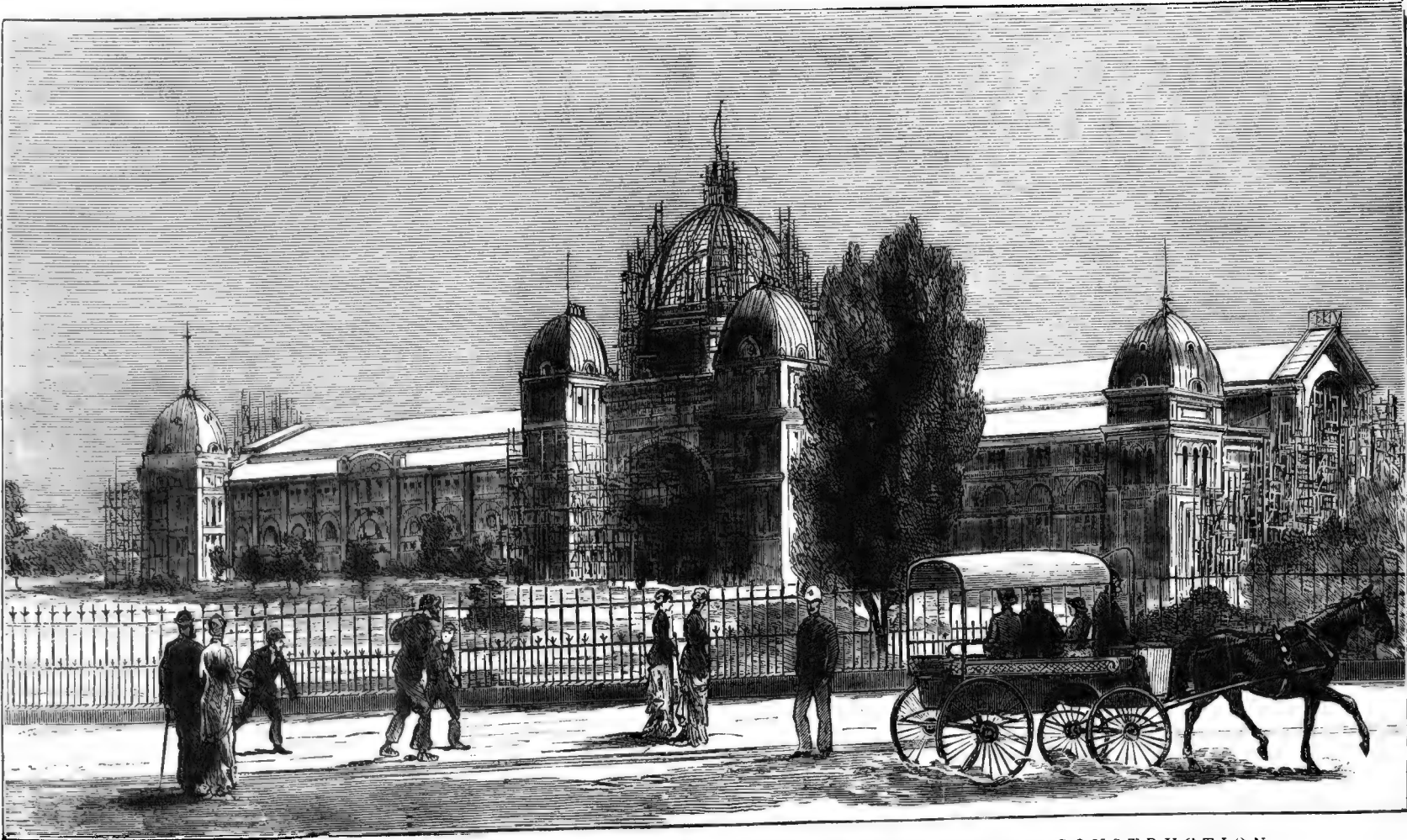
LIEUT.-GENERAL KHUDG SHUN SHERE JUNG
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GENERAL LORIS MELIKOFF
Recently appointed Dictator by the Czar



GEORGE OATLEY
Recommended for the Albert Medal of the First Class for Saving Life at Sea



THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION FOR 1880, NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION

indicative of the opinion of the majority, is still strongly in favour of Oxford at the time of writing, but the select friends of Cambridge by no means despair of victory. The Dark Blues, however, are likely to hold their position as hot favourites up to the start; and without venturing on an absolute prophecy it may be noted that the favourites in the inter-University contests almost invariably win. The start will take place on Saturday morning at about a quarter before eight A.M., a time which will cause thousands of the upper classes to be absent, but give, perhaps, a still greater number of working men and City clerks an opportunity of being present.—It is said that Trickett contemplates coming from Australia to this country with a view to a match with Hamlan the Canadian on our waters for the Championship of the World.

FOOTBALL.—Oxford and the Royal Engineers have played off their drawn game in the fifth ties of the Association Cup, the former, after a splendid struggle, winning by one goal to love.—In the

annual Association match, however, Oxford has had to succumb to Cambridge, who scored three goals to one.—No less than 15,000 persons were present at Hampden Park, Glasgow, on Saturday last, to witness the ninth match, under Association Rules, between England and Scotland. The game was played with great spirit and with varying fortune; but eventually the Scotchmen gained the victory by five goals to four.—The English players were, however, more fortunate in their contest against Wales, at Wrexham, on the following Monday, beating the latter by three goals to two.

COURSING.—The Plumpton Meeting was one of the most successful ever held at that trust, and is likely to be long remembered for the fact of Glenara dividing the Great Southern Cup, and Market Day running into the last four, both of these being defeated Waterloo animals.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Weston and O'Leary have again tried conclusions in America in a six days' tramp, the latter again proving

successful for the third time. The score at the finish was—O'Leary 516, and Weston 490 miles.

ATHLETICS.—The Oxford and Cambridge sports were to be held on March 19th at Lillie Bridge.

SPURIOUS TEA.—Messrs. Phillips and Co., of 8, King William Street, City, write as follows, with reference to our remarks on this subject last week:—"The tea dealers of London were the first to call attention to the recent importation of spurious tea, and to petition the Board of Customs to inspect and stop the rubbish from going into use, the Board of Customs having the sole power of doing this. The consequence of this action of the tea dealers is that a large quantity of so-called tea has been destroyed, and a larger quantity prohibited from home consumption. We write this to show you that the traders of London are very anxious to put an end to spurious tea, and keep the 'Rogue out of the Pot.'"

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Mark, "Anti-Fat" (Registered), and Pamphlet, entitled "How to Get Lean Without Starvation" (Copyrighted). All infringers will be promptly prosecuted. Send stamp for Pamphlet.—Address: BOTANIC MEDICINE COMPANY, GREAT RUSSELL ST. BUILDINGS, LONDON, W.C.

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IT HAS A MOST AGREEABLE FLAVOUR, AND CONTAINS THE TWO NATURAL AND INDISPENSABLE AGENTS TO INSURE GOOD DIGESTION.

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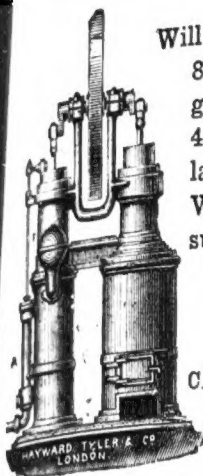
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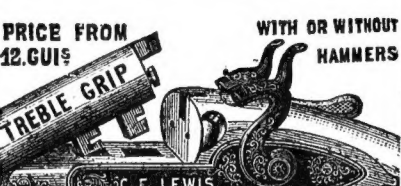
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CLEANS, PURIFIES, AND PRESERVES THE TEETH.

RACK AND RUIN will overtake the teeth if they
are not cleansed daily. When they are decayed past
redemption how bitter to think, "If I had only used
SOZODONT I might have saved them, but now it is
too late." Be wise in time, and arrest decay with the
great antiseptic.
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dyspepsia. But if they are brushed every twenty-four
hours with SOZODONT they will become white and
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The Fragrant SOZODONT is put up in large bottles,
fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to
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Walnut Dwarf
Sutherland, or small
Five o'Clock Tea
Table, 17s. 6d.

Ditto, Black and Gold, 25s. 6d.
Large size Mahogany ditto,
measures about 3 ft. by 3 ft.
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A large variety of other designs
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AS MADE FOR THE MAGAZINS DU BON MARCHE, PARIS.

EACH NEEDLE PERFECT.

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ASK FOR GENUINE OR DOUBLE
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ONLY GOLD MEDAL



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ARE THE BEST.

Are suitable for all Gardens. Will cut long grass,
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THE PERFECT FITTED BAG.



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CONTINENTAL TRAVELLING,
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LIGHT, STRONG, SECURE.
CATALOGUES POST FREE.

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PLANTED NOW.—COOLING'S VILLA
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Customers may depend on really fine varieties only
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" Madame Amelie Baltet, beautiful pure white, very double, the finest, each, 6d.	5	6
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"I enclose P.O.O. to amount of account, and am
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They all turned out well, and made particularly nice
shaped plants."

From ROBERT BOULT, ESQ., Halvergate,
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"I have the pleasure of informing you that the col-
lection of Pelargoniums sent by you to Holland last
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at Nymegen, Holland."

Cheques or P.O.O. to
DANIELS BROS.,
TOWN CLOSE NURSERIES, NORWICH.



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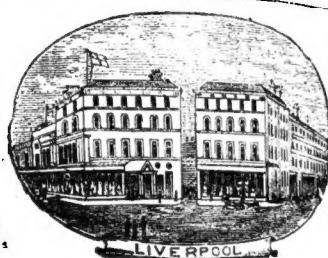
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